

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. A TALK ABOUT ODES, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	195
II. HOW SHE TOLD A LIE. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," . . . . .	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i> . . . . .	209
III. RICHELIEU. By Walter Herries Pollock, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	214
IV. HINDU HOUSEHOLDS, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	227
V. MY POOR LITTLE KITE. Translated from the French of . . . . .	<i>Adrien Robert,</i> . . . . .	232
VI. AMONG THE DICTIONARIES, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	239
VII. CONSOLATIONS, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	248

## POETRY.

AN OLD SONG, . . . . .	194   THE WYE, . . . . .	194
MISCELLANY, . . . . .		256

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## AN OLD SONG.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world."

It was an old and once familiar strain,  
A distant echo from the years gone by ;  
And now we heard its melody again  
Beneath a foreign sky.

A company of strangers, met to part,  
Spending an evening in the same hotel,  
And soft as dew upon each weary heart  
The sweet notes fell.

She was a fair and gentle maid who sang,  
Who summers seventeen had scarcely told,  
And deftly from her practised hand and tongue  
The music rolled.

We hushed our busy talk to hear her sing,  
The earnest student laid his book aside,  
While memory bore us on her noiseless wing  
O'er ocean wide.

To that far distant land beyond the sea,  
Which we had left on foreign shores to  
roam,

The music bore us on its pinions free  
Back to our home ;

Back to the land which we had left behind,  
The land of love, and hope, and faith, and  
prayer,  
And showed the faithful hearts and faces kind  
That loved us there.

And one there was who heard that soothing  
song,  
Whose heart was heavy with its weight of  
care,  
Embittered by a sense of cruel wrong  
No friend might share.

Silently, proudly, had he borne his pain,  
Crushed from his wounded heart each soft-  
ening thought ;  
But the sweet tones of that forgotten strain  
New feelings brought.

Strange longings rose once more to see the  
place  
Which in his boyhood he had held so dear,  
To see once more his aged father's face,  
His voice to hear ;

To meet again his gentle sister's smile —  
('Twas she who used to sing this self-same  
song).

Would not her love his thoughts from sorrow  
wile,  
And soothe his wrong ?

How would their faithful hearts rejoice to  
greet  
Their prodigal's return from distant shore,  
And bind his heart by many a welcome sweet  
To roam no more !

Thus he resolved that, when the morning came,  
He would arise and homeward wend his way,  
And, heedless of the harsh world's praise or  
blame,  
No more would stray.

Little the singer guessed the power that lay  
Beneath the accents of her simple song ;  
Its soothing words should haunt him day by  
day,  
And make him strong.

The lengthening twilight stole into the room  
And wrapped us in its mantle cold and grey ;  
But from the listener's heart the deeper gloom  
Had passed away.

The song was ended, and the singer rose,  
And lights were brought, and books and  
work resumed ;  
His spirit tasted long-denied repose  
By hope illum'd ;

And when the morning dawned he homeward  
turned,  
Back to his father's house beyond the sea,  
The dear old homestead where his spirit  
yearned  
Once more to be.

O happy maid ! Go singing thus through life,  
Bidding the lost return, the weak be strong ;  
Thine is a gift with heavenly comfort rife,  
The gift of song.

Sundav Magazine.

LYDIA HOPE.

## THE WYE.

(NEAR MONMOUTH.)

A LAND of hills and woods and yew-crowned  
rocks,  
All scarred and furrowed by primeval flood ;  
With many a bastion, grim and bare, which  
mocks

The anger of the storm-god's fiercest mood.  
Above, the oak stands as it long has stood  
Through winter's tempests ; and, adown, the  
green,

The rich dark green of ivy that has wooed  
The time-worn limestone, trails ; and all be-  
tween

The rifts and sheltered nooks, the fern's chaste  
form is seen.

Below, the slow, broad-curving river ; here,  
The willows lie reflected in the stream,  
Placid and deep ; and there, the noisy weir,  
Where tiny wavelets in the sunlight gleam.  
Hard by, a loiterer, lying in a dream  
Upon the bank : far off, a bare hillside ;  
And farther, boundless forest growths which  
seem

Most solemn and most calm, as far and wide  
They stretch majestic arms, in all their sum-  
mer pride.

GEORGE WOOSUNG WADE.

Chambers' Journal.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## A TALK ABOUT ODES.\*

*Geoffrey.* So we three have met again!  
*Basil.* Yes; and not "in thunder, lightning, or in rain," but on an April morning, when spring looks like herself. We can gaze upwards and feast our eyes on Dante's "dolce color del oriental zaffiro;" or downwards to mark on our beloved lake his "tremolar della marina." Look how its waters quiver with tremulous light as the sunbeam smites them; and break forth into that "many-twinkling smile" which Æschylus saluted long before!

*Geof.* Will you accept this little wood, through which our upward path goes, as a representative of the glade to which Sordello guided Virgil and Dante? If so, our young friend here shall "disfigure or present" the person of the last-named; for I know that he has been reading very hard for his degree, and so conversing more with the dead than the living.

*Henry.* I have emerged from that under-world "with slow, faint steps and much exceeding pain." Do not remind me of my sufferings; for the hour is fast approaching when I must plunge in again.

*Geof.* Your look is not such as to bespeak compassion. You have not been down to the lower circles. Your stay has been chiefly, I trust, in those "open and luminous" spaces where Dante walked among the great Greeks and Romans,—the wide plains of philosophy stretched out beneath the empurpled ether of poetry.

*Bas. (from the wood).* Come in and admire, instead of talking nonsense outside. This is of a surety that mountain glade where Dante saw the holy kings and princes resting: the white cherry-blossom floats overhead, underneath the black-thorn spreads out the white coral of its little branches; the violet and the primrose peep forth from the bright green moss; here and there the celandine paves the floor with gold, and the wood anemone opens its starry petals to their widest, and gems every spot in the grove.

*Geof.* Not a bad Northern version, is it,

of the many hues which variegated the Florentine's green herbage? But it is yet early afternoon, and he visited his glen at nightfall: our trees are yet leafless; his waved fresh and tender green over the angels who descended at the sound of the "Te lucis ante."

*Bas.* We, too, have a winged choir, and a better one than we deserve, to listen to. Hear how the thrushes and the blackbirds are paying us for the pains with which we fed them through the winter! And if the larch plumelets are all the greenery that we can boast of, still

Gentle western blasts, with downy wings

Hatching the tender springs,

To the unborn buds with vital whispers say,

"Ye living buds, why do ye stay?"

The passionate buds break through the bark their way.

One can almost hear them at it.

*Hen.* English verse sounds pleasant to my ears after hard searchings into the meaning of difficult Greek choruses. Which of our poets are you quoting?

*Bas.* Cowley: I think, but I am not sure, that those lines are in his "Ode on Life."

*Geof.* That is the ode which perhaps gave Blake his fine idea of "The Gate of Death," which his old man, bowed down with years, creeps through, to emerge vigorous and youthful on the farther side. I mean the words,—

When we by a foolish figure say,

"Behold an old man dead!" then they

Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child born!"

*Hen.* Who are "they"?

*Geof.* The angels: those same who bear Faust's new-born soul, and find it a sore burden even for their loving arms.

*Bas.* Cowley expresses the same idea in another good simile,—

We seek to close and plaster up by art

The cracks and breaches of the extended shell;

And, in their narrow cell,

Would rudely force to dwell

The noble, vigorous bird already winged to part.

*Hen.* Is Cowley a favorite poet of yours?

\* See "A Talk about Sonnets," *LIVING AGE*, No. 1892, Sept. 18, 1880.

*Bas.* At one time of my life he was; and though his odes do not, any one of them, live in my memory as a whole, yet many lines of his still linger there. Some novels, and some poetry, of the present day, make me exclaim with him, —

'Tis just

The author blush there where the reader must, and long for a critic, with words sufficiently scathing, to compel him to the unwonted exercise. Cowley's words, too, rise to my lips at the sight of ambitious pieces of word-painting, where the writer has left nothing without an ornament, —

Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;  
Rather than all things wit let none be there.

And Cowley's echo of Aristophanes rises to my lips when I listen to such a concert of the birds as saluted us a few minutes ago in the wood which we are just leaving, —

Now blessings on ye all, ye heroic race!  
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,

Though men and angels fell.  
Of all material lives the highest place  
To you is justly given,  
And ways and walks the nearest heaven.

*Hen.* I see that Cowley did not wholly neglect alliteration.

*Geof.* What English poet, with any true fire of genius, could? It and rhyme are his two compensations for the loss of the exact quantities of classic verse; and he does not know his business if he does not make the most of them. Alliteration is the older and the more exclusively *English* resource of the two. From the bard who sang Athelstan's victory at Brunanburh, to the poet who sang Nelson's at the Baltic, we find it rise spontaneously to the lips of him who sings before he writes, — which, I take it, is the distinction of the genuine ode-singer from the writer of fine but uninteresting compositions so styled.

*Hen.* May I ask you two questions about that? First, What is an ode? I mean, when we speak of one, are we to think of Pindar, or of Horace?

*Geof.* Of either, or both. At least to me that is an ode which is the outpouring of feeling passionately excited by

some dignified cause; whether it swell, like the Greek choric song, in praise of god or hero, as a complicated chant, with part answering to part, now soft and flute-like, now with a thunderous roll of many voices, then at last leaving the ear satisfied with a grand final strain; or whether, like the odes in which, as we know, Horace imitated the lost Greek lyrists, it is content throughout with one style of music, stanza responding to stanza without any variation. The essential thing, as it seems to me, is that the theme of an ode should be an elevated one, that its expression should be vehement and rapturous, that its singer, though still capable of self-control, should be lifted above his ordinary self by a strong poetic enthusiasm. As an example of what I mean, take Schiller's short dithyramb. You know it, Basil, in Coleridge's version, where it bears its first title, "The Visit of the Gods." It consists of three strophes, all moulded alike; both the measure and the words bespeak the wildest excitement; and although its muse is exotic, yet a true Greek for the moment, you see in Schiller, while he sings it, the rose-chapleted poet rising, goblet in hand, from the festive couch in Athens.

So, then, provided the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are given to us — whether it be with the marshalled order of Pindar's odes in point of structure, or with the irregular movements of his modern imitators; whether they rush forth with Pindar's startling vehemence and abrupt transitions of thought, or move onward more slowly, and more easily apprehended, with the stately majesty of Horace in his "Triumphal Ode," or of Milton in his "Ode on the Nativity," — we have in either case an ode: though perfect success in the more complicated and difficult variety being the hardest achievement, ought, I suppose, to win the highest praise.

Now for your second question, Henry, provided you let my first answer pass unopposed.

*Hen.* You distinguished the ode-singer from the ode-writer. What English author had you chiefly in your mind as a type of this last?



*Geof.* Poets like Collins, with his "Music, heavenly maid," his nymph "Cheerfulness," and her companions, "brown Exercise and Sport." Shadowy personages like these may be written about in the study, and read of in the drawing-room; but they cannot rouse a man's spirit till it pours forth floods of song, and sweeps every hearer along rejoicing in its mighty torrent.

*Bas.* Little rills, that trickle clear and tinkling down the hillside, like the one we are just crossing, have their uses. The moss grows green by them, the primrose tuft draws life from them, the song-bird sips them and goes his way happy. A poet who could write an ode like that of Collins to "Evening," must not be spoken of with contempt. There is poetic power, too, in his "Ode to Liberty;" though imperial Rome and mediæval Venice are not fortunate examples of freedom, — to which honor he somewhat recklessly exalts them.

*Hen.* I thought, Geoffrey, that perhaps you were going to give us Gray for your instance. One of my tutors used to speak of him as a "languid conventionalist."

*Bas.* Unjust.

*Geof.* Severe; but with some, though slender, foundation in fact. Gray calls his two greatest odes "Pindaric." So they are in their abruptness and bold transitions; but Pindar sang of victories which stirred a Greek's heart to its depths, — sang of them when they were fresh, ere the horses had ceased panting after the chariot-race, the sweat dried off the victor's brow, — sang while above him floated the awe-inspiring forms of the gods and heroes from whom the conqueror he lauded boasted his descent. How could Gray feel in like manner impassioned by an abstract subject like "The Progress of Poesy"? How could he altogether escape the reproach implied by the word "conventional"? His fairest similes, his noblest thoughts, are, through most of his ode, echoes, more or less conscious, of the great classic poets; only (for I utterly reject the accusation of "languid") the strength and sweetness with which they are expressed are his own. However, when he comes, at the

close of his ode, to celebrate the peaceful triumphs of song on English ground, — a poet singing of poets never sung of in like strains before, — he is at once original and powerful. You may say that he over-praises Dryden — that he describes only one side of Shakespeare; but how faultlessly beautiful is his expression! And when he comes to Milton, what can be grander than his conception of the poet, struck blind, like Saul, by the vision of the exceeding glory?

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of the abyss to spy:  
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;  
The living throne, the sapphire blaze  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Is there anything "languid" here? or anything "conventional"?

*Hen.* Just one thing perhaps, — the "wings of Ecstasy." As ecstasy simply means being carried out of one's self, the impersonation sounds strange. But I always thought that a splendid passage.

*Geof.* Milton has been fortunate in his admiring poet of our own century, as well as of the last. Not that I mean to put Tennyson's *Alcaics* on a level with that sublime strophe of Gray's.

*Bas.* I should think not, indeed. As if there *could* be such a thing as real *Alcaics* in English!

*Geof.* No; but lines like that which tells how the plains of heaven

Ring to the roar of an angel onset,  
and those which speak of

all that bowery loneliness,  
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,  
live in one's mind for years; and that is no bad test of their excellence.

*Hen.* That ode to Milton of Tennyson's is at any rate a short one. Mr. Swinburne has recently devoted fifty strophes, each nearly a page long, to celebrating the sublime perfections of Walter Savage Landor.

*Bas.* Don't talk to me about Swinburne. Let us return to Gray. I am inclined to think there is more of the *vivida vis*,

the genuine poetic ardor in his "Bard" than in his "Progress of Poesy;" entirely as I agree with all that you, Geoffrey, have said in praise of it. The subject, to begin with, is better suited to an ode, according to your account of one, which I approve of. Gray, not having much to sing about in his own proper person—only reflections on the vicissitudes of life, such as those with which the sight of Eton College inspired him (a solemn and touching lay, but hardly an ode according to our definition)—did wisely in transporting himself into the person of the ancient bard of Wales. There was the fall of an old polity to bewail; the cry for vengeance of tuneful brethren's innocent blood to send up with ringing notes to the skies; the divine justice, slow but sure, to mark, tracking the descendants of the guilty in response to it. Here Gray is indeed Pindaric, as he marshals the long procession of our kings and queens; not with the toilsome and slow precision of a historian, but each, shrouded in darkness as to the rest of their career, revealed, as by a sudden lightning-flash, at the moment when they are wanted for the accomplishment of the sentence passed by the poet-prophet on their guilty line. If you want an example of how alliteration can reinforce lines strong enough in themselves, look at the five first of this poem:—

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!  
 Confusion on thy banners bring!  
 Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, etc.

If you wish to know how to intersperse trochaics with your iambics so as to bring out solemn and pathetic effects, look at the first and last of these five, and at lines like

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

and many more. How grandly pathetic, too, is the description of Edward III.'s closing days, so well contrasted with the careless jollity of his successor's first years!

*Geof.* The last strophe of the ode strikes me as rather artificial. The dying bard, consoled by the vision of his great successors, Spenser and Shakespeare, flourishing under a queen of British descent,—hearing Milton's voice and those of other English poets from the yet remoter distance,—is almost too gentle a termination. One is inclined to exclaim,—

*Too* softly falls the lay in fear and wrath begun.

*Hen.* I hope you are not going to suggest that the suicide at the close had better have been omitted. It was always my special delight when I repeated the poem to my mother.

*Geof.* Those two closing lines and the explanation at the beginning are alien to the genuine nature of an ode. Strictly speaking, the bard should have been his own interpreter throughout. Still, we could ill bear the loss of Gray's introduction—that description of the bard when

Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,  
 and the words which tell us how he

With a master's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

But an ode should only have one speaker—the poet himself, or the person whom he represents.

*Hen.* Pindar makes Medea speak at length in one of his odes, if I remember right.

*Geof.* Yes; he quotes her prophecy, being himself throughout the speaker. That is different. Still I do not think the digression an improvement.

*Hen.* Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,"—"Alexander's Feast," I mean—mixes up narration and song as Gray's "Bard" does.

*Bas.* What say you to that great example, Geoffrey? for that ode consists of Dryden's report of what Timotheus sang to Alexander (given in two instances in his own words), and of the diverse affections produced in the conqueror by his varied strain. He tells us, if I recollect right, how, at the appeal to the king's pride, by the announcement of his divine parentage, Alexander

Assumes the god;  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres;

how, having drunk deep draughts at the skilful musician's praise of Bacchus, the king (as his meanest soldier might)

Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice  
 he slew the slain;

how Timotheus drew tears from him by his sad picture of

Darius great and good  
 Fallen from his high estate;

how he led him for a moment to prefer love to war, when

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honor but an empty bubble,

Never ending, still beginning;  
 Fighting still, and still destroying:  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying;

and how, finally, he led him to fire Persepolis by his weird chant, in which the Furies shrieked for vengeance, pointing to the ghosts of the unburied Greek soldiers. Is not that one of the best of English odes?

*Geof.* Yes.

*Bas.* Does it not amply justify Gray?

*Geof.* Nothing can justify a poet but success; precedent is for senates and law-courts, not for the higher assembly of the Muses. If Dryden's and Gray's poetic fervor is equal in the two compositions, enabling each to fuse his heterogeneous materials into a perfect whole — if each has *sung* throughout, and not had to drop into a stumbling kind of sing-song reading in places, — then both are justified. I am sure of this in Dryden's case.

*Hen.* Does not the pure, holy Cecilia of Raphael's great picture come in rather oddly at the end of that very pagan poem?

*Bas.* We cannot deny that. While unrivalled as depicting the power of music in earthly things, Dryden's venal muse could not get far in delineating its higher uses. He is more religious in his other song for St. Cecilia's Day, which ends with the chorus: —

As from the power of sacred lays  
 The spheres began to move,  
 And sang the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blest above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.

*Geof.* Who told him that the "living would die" at the last day? I have read, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

*Bas.* Ah! we must look to the great poet of Dryden's century, to Milton, for exact theology in verse. How noble is his song on "A Solemn Music"! Dryden is presumptuous enough to speak of notes sung on earth,

that wing their heavenly ways  
 To *mend* the choirs above,

and to assure us that when Cecilia chanted to her organ,

An angel heard, and straight appeared,  
 Mistaking earth for heaven;

whereas Milton more modestly bids music transport our minds on high by imaging

to us the purer strains above; and tells the

Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,

to present our "high-raised phantasy"

That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne  
 To Him who sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,

Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly.

*Geof.* How glorious, also, are the stanzas in his great "Ode on the Nativity," on the song of the sons of God at the beginning of the new creation! —

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

*Bas.* Go on: give us Milton's invocation to the music of the spheres, which is to bring back the age of gold, with rainbow-orbed truth and justice, to the sons of men.

*Geof.* I will not. The hill at this point becomes exceeding steep, even as the Hill Difficulty whereof Bunyan wrote. It is praiseworthy beyond measure, when climbing the ascents of virtue, to "keep the hindmost foot ever the lower," as Virgil bade Dante when going up the hill of Purgatory: but you two are obeying the precept literally, and with portentous speed too; and if a middle-aged man like myself is to keep up with two such heedless young persons (for you, Basil, are younger than any of us), I must save my breath. Besides, that grand ode should be taken as a whole.

*Bas.* How different is Milton's use, towards its end, of the heathen deities, to their conventional appearances in the poetry of the last century! To him they are real, — evil spirits deluding mankind into paying them homage by their lying wonders, and driven reluctantly back to their dark abodes by the powerful beams of the Sun of Righteousness. How grandly he shows us the Delphic oracle put to silence by the advent of the Word!

The oracles are dumb;  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the archèd roof in words de-  
 ceiving,  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
 leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
 cell.

*Geof.* That is indeed an instance of well-applied classical knowledge. How often it is misapplied now! There is something truly majestic there in the march of Milton's words — contrasting beautifully, in their dignified sternness, with the tenderer and more pathetic lines which follow, and lament the beauty, linked to so many delusions, which perished with them for a while. Do you think the hillside we are scaling, and the small cascade which has just come into sight, heard anything on that day of sorrow of which Milton speaks, when

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edgèd with poplar pale,  
 The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
 With flower-enwoven tresses torn,  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-  
 ets mourn?

*Bas.* The naïad might well be sorry to leave that cool bath. Look how absolutely clear the water is! You can count every pebble. There is the industrious little waterfall above it, as hard at work as ever, enlarging the recess below for the fair tenant who will never come back to it. She seems, however, to have carried the flowers away with her in her long silky coils of hair. There are none to be seen now.

*Geof.* Come back six weeks hence and you will find turquoises set in gold waiting to adorn her — the forget-me-not and the marsh-marigold; and very likely, on this swampy slope down to the stream, a fair carpet for her feet of globe-flowers, mingling their paler yellow with the rich lilac of the mealy primrose. Before then, that heckberry-bush will have thrown out its graceful white pendants, and the mountain-ash, which dips its branches in the foam of the fall, will have promised us stores of red coral in autumn by pretty bunches of white blossom. Then, too, the green bracken will be waving its graceful fronds over those cold grey rocks, and this fellside grass, now brown as winter, will refresh the eye with green.

*Bas.* And what a vivid green it is! That pious priest whom I heard preaching on the creation in Milan Cathedral when I was last in Italy, and who dilated so much on God's goodness in making the earth, not black to sadden, or red to affright, but green to delight, the eye, would burst into double raptures of thankfulness if he could visit our lakes in summer.

*Hen.* (returning from an excursion to a rock under the fall). I have been thinking what a pity it is that Milton was not a Royalist. What an ode he might have written on the death of Charles I.!

*Geof.* Perhaps. But the greatest occasions do not always draw forth the best poetry. As it is, the best lines which celebrate the king's fate were written by a political foe. It is Andrew Marvell who says of Charles, —

He nothing common did or mean  
 Upon that memorable scene,  
 But with his keener eye  
 The axe's edge did try,

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
 To vindicate his helpless right,  
 But bowed his comely head  
 Down as upon a bed.

*Bas.* Cowley speaks in a higher strain, though, of the monarch

to whom alone was given  
 The double royalty of earth and heaven,  
 Who crowned the kingly with the martyr's  
 crown.

*Hen.* Speaking of a poet's generosity to a fallen foe, do you think much of the often-quoted example of Horace's civility to poor Cleopatra? A beautiful woman, and one who died in so tragic a manner, might well be forgiven, after death had made her harmless.

*Bas.* You mean the three stanzas in the "Triumphal Ode." Can you say them to us, Geoffrey, in Martin's version, which I remember thinking such a particularly good one?

*Geof.* Do they not run thus? —

For hers no spirit was to perish meanly:  
 A woman, yet not womanishly weak,  
 She ran her galley to no sheltering creek,  
 Nor quailed before the storm, but met it  
 queenly.

So to her lonely palace-halls she came,  
 With eye serene their desolation viewed:  
 Then with firm hand the angry aspick wooed  
 To dart its deadliest venom through her frame.

So with a prideful smile she sank; for she  
 Had robbed Rome's galleys of their richest  
 prize:

Queen to the last, — and in no humbled guise  
To swell the triumph's haughty pageantry.

*Bas.* That is pretty well, considering that the wily Egyptian lady had outwitted Horace's master, Augustus, and deprived him and the expectant Roman crowd of a pleasant holiday sight.

*Hen.* But that is not the whole of the ode. Earlier on, Horace speaks very ill of Cleopatra indeed.

*Bas.* He could not speak worse of her than she deserved. I declare that Martin has improved on Horace in that third stanza: that "prideful smile" of his is very good, and so is his "queen to the last."

*Hen.* Has he been equally successful with Catullus?

*Bas.* I am ashamed to say that I have not read his version. I should like, though, some day, to see what he has made of that melancholy Epithalamium of his, and that pretty, but most discouraging, comparison of the rose, so prized in the bud, so despised when she has done setting her petals wide open.

*Geof.* Heathen poets might well write sadly about marriage. They did not know what we Christians know about it. Now, contrast Catullus with a *really* Christian poet — Spenser, for example.

*Hen.* Spenser unites a good many happy couples in the course of that long but most delightful "Faëry Queen" of his.

*Bas.* I am glad you delight in it, my dear boy! (A man to all others, you will let me call you so a little longer, I know.) It is good, as well as pleasant, to dwell among his types of Christian knighthood. But Geoffrey was thinking of Spenser's great bridal ode, made for his own wedding — an ode which has always seemed to me a very great achievement, because its rapturous joy, sustained at highest pitch throughout, without one under-note of sorrow, never palls on the ear.

*Hen.* Yes, that is wonderful. It is so much easier, in song as in real life, to "weep with those that weep" than to "rejoice with those who rejoice."

*Geof.* Poor Spenser! What sorrows followed that joyful song of his! But at any rate, he was happy when he wrote it, and that is something. He was happy listening to the birds on his wedding morning: —

Hark, how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,

And carol of love's praise.  
The merry lark her matins sings aloft,  
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,  
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,  
When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
T' await the coming of your joyous make,  
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song

The dewy leaves among?  
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

He was happy when he called on the hours to dress his lady for the bridal, and bade the graces

Help to adorn my beautifullest bride.

That superlative, which would have shocked Lindley Murray, gives one a notion of the exuberance of his delight, which the minstrels and the shouting crowd can hardly proclaim loudly enough for him. And when the bride comes forth ready-decked from her chamber — like the moon, as he tells us, in her gentle dignity — with what rapture he surveys her! —

Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.

So well it her besems, that ye would ween

Some angel she had been:

Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,  
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers  
atween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire;

And being crownèd with a garland green,

Seem like some maiden queen.

And with what *naïf* pride he calls on the "merchants' daughters" to say if they had ever seen "so fair a creature in their town before"! —

*Bas.* He gives them a very minute catalogue of her charms, if I remember right.

*Geof.* Yes; but he quickly goes on to say: —

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,

The inward beauty of her lively spright,

Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,

Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,  
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;  
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,  
And giveth laws alone.

Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,  
And unrevealed pleasures,

Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,  
That all the woods should answer and your echo ring.

Then comes the happiest moment of all.  
The poet cries, —



Open the temple-gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in!

and sees her come in "before th' Almighty's view," passing the garlanded pillars "with trembling steps and humble reverence," while the organ sounds and the choristers sing, and all is bliss untold.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesses her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks  
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain.

The angels themselves forget their office  
for a moment to gaze on this noble work  
of God, this new Eve. But her sweet  
eyes remain "fastened on the ground"  
as her lover cries, —

Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band?  
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer and your echo  
ring!

*Bas.* Thank you, Geoffrey. How fresh,  
how genuine it all is! What memories it  
stirs in an old man's mind! We who  
have loved and lost can still hear it with  
pleasure as we recollect the hopes, yet to  
be fulfilled, which the priest's spousal  
benediction held for us. You who, as far  
as I know, have never loved, and who  
have certainly never lost —

*Geof. (aside).* How can he know that?

*Bas.* Will, I hope, make haste to woo  
and win a bride like Spenser's.

*Geof.* Can I find one among the "girls  
of the period"?

*Hen.* Then you never knew one in  
whom this enchanting ideal was realized?

*Geof.* Once, it may be, long, long ago;  
and if so, short-lived: —

*Ostendent terris hanc tantum fata, neque ultra  
Esse sinent.*

*Bas.* Does not part of Schiller's "Song  
of the Bell" treat of marriage? Not be-  
ing a good German scholar, I know it  
best by Retzsch's illustrations.

*Geof.* Oh yes. His bells ring merrily  
on the day which is to change his roman-  
tic young pair of lovers into the sober,  
plodding housefather and housewife, and  
he sighs as he reflects that

life's fairest day  
Ends, alas! our life's sweet May.

*Hen.* What a beautiful "Song" it is!  
How well the changeful verse reflects the  
changes and chances of human life which  
it celebrates! I think, Geoffrey, you  
have translated it. I should like to hear  
your version of the funeral bell.

*Geof.* That is one of the more hopeful  
parts of the undertaking. The rapid  
movements of the fire-bell, and one other  
passage of the "Lied," are very hard to  
reproduce in English. But I have not  
satisfied myself even with the slow, meas-  
ured paces of the lines you ask for. Here  
they are, however, as bad and as good as  
other people's, I suppose: —

To holy earth's dark bosom bringing,  
We trust the work our hands have made:  
The sower there his seed has laid,  
And hopes 'twill bless his sight, upspringing  
Abundant as the Lord shall aid.  
But seeds, more precious far, entombing,  
We hide with tears on earth's dark breast,  
And hope, for fairer morrow blooming,  
To see them break their coffin'd rest.

From the church-tower  
Sounds the Bell,  
Sad and slow,  
Its funeral knell,  
Solemnly its mournful tolls attending  
One whose wanderings now on earth have  
ending.

*Hen.* Oh, I like that version very  
much! What a lyric genius Schiller had!  
You do not rate him very highly as a  
dramatist, I suppose?

*Geof.* The portions of his dramas  
most deeply impressed on my memory  
are certainly the lyric portions. Speak-  
ing of foreign odes reminds me that there  
is a question I want to put to our great  
Italian scholar. Which is the finest Ital-  
ian canzone?

*Bas.* Do you know Leopardi? Some  
of his odes I admire greatly; they have  
an antique severity of style. Dante's (to  
begin earlier) are hard to understand, and  
mystic. I fear I have not devoted enough  
time and attention to them to pronounce  
fitly on their merits. But Petrarch's are  
to me enchanting, and I wonder that they  
are so often overlooked in his wilderness  
of sonnets. There is a fine one of his to  
glory. One still finer is that in which he  
addresses Rienzi, and conjures him by the  
shades of the Scipios, by the yet dearer  
memory of the buried apostles, to restore  
liberty to Rome. He tells him that on  
him are fixed the hopes of those ancient  
walls which the world, as it remembers  
the great past, cannot but survey with  
love and fear—of the monuments of  
those mighty dead whose fame will last  
as long as the world itself, and who cry  
from the under-world, with hopes fired by  
his exaltation, "Our Rome shall yet be  
beautiful once more." Some of the love-  
odes are worthy of high praise also.  
More than any of those addressed to the



living Laura, I admire the canzone in which her happy spirit appears, holding palm and laurel branches to console her mourning lover.

*Geof.* Ah! I remember that canzone well. I have long delighted in it.

*Bas.* But perhaps most beautiful of all is that ode, the sentiments of which we, who hold with Nicæa as against Trent, are bound to disapprove. I mean Petrarch's last canzone, addressed to the blessed Virgin. It is one of the richest, sweetest, most pathetic, and most musical of poems. No doubt it owes something to the magnificent invocation of her in the "Paradiso," which our own Chaucer copied; but the harmony and the pathos are Petrarch's own. I would repeat some of it to you; but Henry, who has outstripped me in German, has not yet, I think, learned Italian.

*Hen.* Translate it for me in some leisure moment.

*Bas.* I make no rash promises, young man. And now, for a while, a truce to this talk of harmonies addressed to the ear. Let us gaze on the grand harmonies addressed by the everlasting artist to the eye. We have rounded the topmost crag, and the tarn lies before us.

*Geof. (after a pause).* Little gem! or large, I should say, to be all made of one pure unbroken sapphire, as she looks to-day: there she sleeps, calm and peaceful, forgetting the winter's cold, and the ice that bound her hard and fast a while ago.

*Hen.* There is a snowdrift to remind her of the past, high up under that projecting rock.

*Bas.* And hers is a grave beauty, even to-day, when all things are smiling. Her blue can never wear the bright celestial hue of the larger lake below, which she helps to feed. Her grim mountain guardians forbid that; for they always overshadow her, and cast the reflection of their dark-purple rocks across her clear waters.

*Hen.* I thought the uproarious merriment of her stream lower down told of severe restraint in earlier days. That brawling cascade below was very like a youth who had too suddenly become his own master.

*Geof.* I note with approval your sudden change of gender. You were too courteous to imagine such a thing as a young damsel breaking loose into strange escapades, on her emancipation from the rigid rule of a stern governess.

*Bas.* Sit down a moment here, where the sun makes the bank warm. Look at

those rocks in their still majesty, cutting sharp into the deep-blue sky. We do not often see them so.

*Geof.* No. The whole thing is out of character, and has deranged my stock of epithets. You northerners are popularly supposed to dwell amidst ceaseless mists and rains.

*Bas.* We can do pretty well in that line, it must be owned, upon occasion. In the later summer, the season in which Cockney tourists do chiefly abound among us, it is pitiful to see how the mountain nymphs squirt at them, bedrench, bedraggle and in all ways torment them. But this is our dry season; and when it happens, as now, to be a hot season also for a week or ten days, you see how charming these self-same fickle mountain nymphs can be!

*Geof.* I am not sure that I am quite charmed with them. In the first place, they have reflected sunbeams upon me during my toil with a more than midsummer heat.

*Hen.* Who was it who exclaimed, "Sun, how I hate thy beams!"

*Geof.* I retract: I love them — especially now that we have finished climbing the hill. Then secondly, which is more serious, they have disordered my ideas of your scenery. I meant to call it Ossianic, vague, vaporous, misty, full of tremulous lights vanishing into glooms; and lo and behold! everything is as clear and defined as though I were in Italy, — more so probably at this early season.

*Bas.* I thought you knew us well enough to know that we are "everything by turns and nothing long." Be reassured; before the week is out you may be comforted by some hail-showers. Virgil says of his hapless queen, wearied of life, —

*Tædet cœli convexa tueri;*

but we have never many days given us in which to weary of the blue vault. Wherefore, to gaze up into it as I am doing now, is to me unspeakably pleasant. Does it not seem clearer, purer, deeper, than it looked from below? and does it not roof over these high rocks, and mirror itself in this azure pavement, till it makes this solitary tarn into an exquisitely adorned chapel of that great cathedral of nature which is all around us? You were right not to answer; for even as I spoke, the anthem began, and with what a delightful solo voice! I can just descry the singer.

*Hen.* Let us apostrophize him with Shelley: —

Higher still, and higher  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
 singest.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is  
 overflowed.

*Geof.* Ah ! that "Skylark" of Shelley's  
 is something like an ode. The man sings  
 in emulation of the bird, ascending from  
 one beautiful fancy to another, till at last  
 (again like the lark) he drops suddenly  
 out of the cloudless blue, and comes down  
 to earth again, with the altered note : —

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sad-  
 dest thought.

*Bas.* Shelley is no great favorite of  
 mine. He generally seems to me, revers-  
 ing a wise maxim, to "take care of the  
 sounds and let the sense take care of  
 itself."

*Geof.* Oh, but the "Skylark" is very  
 good sense; besides possessing a liquid  
 sweetness truly delightful to the ear.

*Hen.* There is not only sense, but very  
 accurate meteorology, in "The Cloud."

*Bas.* I will except these two; and, if  
 you press me hard, perhaps half-a-dozen  
 more. But at his best, Shelley aims at  
 gratifying the ear more than the mind.  
 He does not, like Wordsworth, enrich it  
 with noble thoughts to be to it an ever-  
 lasting gain. Look now at Wordsworth's  
 ode (the finest our century has produced)  
 on the "Intimations of Immortality." Its  
 theory of the soul's pre-existence may be  
 a mistake, but it is an elevating belief  
 even should it be ill-grounded; and it  
 rests, at all events, on a truth of first-rate  
 importance to man — his spirit's divine  
 origin and noble destiny. Wordsworth's  
 memories of his own childhood, when  
 earth was unfamiliar and heaven seemed  
 very near, confirmed him in this faith.  
 He thankfully remembered

those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings,  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised ;

which bore witness to him that all in him  
 was not of the earth earthy; and looked  
 back with reverent regret to the

time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

Standing on a spiritual elevation a little  
 higher than our present physical one (you  
 know you can see the sea from that hill  
 above us, Geoffrey), he felt that

in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither ;  
 Can in a moment travel thither —  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Such thoughts as these elevate as well as  
 please the mind. Nature is different to  
 Wordsworth's eye than to Shelley's; be-  
 cause there is to him, behind her appear-  
 ances, a nobler life of which she is the  
 exponent. Accordingly his moon *lives*,  
 while Shelley's only shines; and yet  
 while possessing more than the other, he  
 laments a loss. You remember, —

It is not now as it has been of yore ;  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see  
 no more !

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose ;  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the  
 earth.

Or, again, that magnificent stanza, —  
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar ;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

*Geof.* It is a grand idea, as you say. Plato, from whom Wordsworth learned it, was indeed a poet. And how suitable the imagery which clothes it, all taken in the stanza you have last quoted from the highest and purest things man can see, — the light of heaven, the morning star, the clouds which mantle round the rising or setting sun! By the way, have you seen Mr. Myers's little book on Wordsworth? I think it is as creditable a piece of criticism as I have read for long.

*Bas.* I will read it on your recommendation.

*Hen.* I have been thinking of Geoffrey's first words about odes; and it strikes me that, from Horace downwards, they show a tendency to address themselves to a more and more limited audience. First they are a nation's expression of reverence for the gods, sung by a trained chorus, and, in due time, expanded into the tragedy of Hellas; then they celebrate victories at games which reunite a whole widely scattered race; then afterwards they come down to the service of kings and courts; then at last they become the expression of an individual's feelings in solitude. You cannot, for example, imagine Wordsworth chanting the ode you have been very properly admiring to any large assemblage of people; though you may think you see him declaim it on a hillside, like our friend here, to one or two chosen listeners. Its subject is personal and philosophical.

*Bas.* You know that he composed odes on a subject which interested all England — the peace which Waterloo won for us. They were full of patriotism and piety; but somehow the divine afflatus was wanting to them, and I could not repeat you a line of either of them.

*Geof.* Modern poets do not seem to have their feelings so well at command as the ancients. Sometimes the unpicturesque adjuncts of a great event deter them; which same event, when it has passed into history, and gathered round it the softening haze supplied by distance, will have its fame sounded forth by the singers of another generation. Sometimes a smaller occurrence rouses into a blaze that poetic fervor which, in the presence of a greater one, unaccountably smoulders into ashes, or else is blown clean out. Sir John Moore's death at Corunna is celebrated in lines, — humble, if you will, compared with the majesty of the ode, but which, I think, will always be remembered. Nelson's at Trafalgar waits yet for a fitting poetic commemora-

tion. In spite of all the efforts of the Scotts and the Southey's, our great duke received no tribute of verse, whether ode or otherwise, which will go down to posterity, till Tennyson (in the nursery when Waterloo was fought) bade his grateful country

In the vast cathedral leave him;  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

*Bas.* I rather doubt that ode's surviving to any remote generation.

*Hen.* But you have forgotten the fine stanzas on Waterloo in "Childe Harold."

*Geof.* Wellington is not named in them. It might have been a crushing defeat for anything Byron says about it, or about him. "Brunswick's fated chieftain" is the only warrior he condescends to commemorate. Then even Napoleon, whose career was so peculiarly fascinating to the imagination, —

Who threw for empire, and his stakes were  
thrones,  
His tables earth, his dice were human bones, —

whose successes and reverses were alike on such a gigantic scale, inspired no very fine ode. Byron's is scarcely generous to a fallen foe, although it is just. France, enlightened by writers like Lanfrey and Madame de Rémusat, will not now dissent from the judgment, —

With might unquestioned — power to save —  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipped thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness.

But pity should not be scornful, as Byron's is when he speaks of

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife —  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife —  
All quelled! Dark spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own!

*Bas.* Manzoni's "*Cinque Maggio*," is a much finer ode than Byron's. But both the English and the Italian poet must have felt that, great as were the talents of Napoleon, his character was a little one, and that the nation which he deceived so long was worthier of pity than he.

*Geof.* Coleridge had a grander subject

in his "France,"—that fine wail over the fall of a nation which had seemed the chosen standard-bearer of the human race; for after all, France betrayed herself before Napoleon betrayed her. It is remarkable, too, as a prediction; for assuredly it is not merely with a master's hand, but with "a prophet's fire," that he "strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre," when he sings, at the opening of 1797, in his indignation at the French conquest of Switzerland, how the men who have dared

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn

are themselves destined by a just retribution to

wear the name  
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain.

No doubt his hopes of France had been unreasonable; but his entertaining them was a generous error, and their disappointment was most cruel.

*Bas.* He owns, though, if you remember, that, almost from the first, with those hopes grave fears were blended. How finely he expresses them both!—

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream

With that sweet music of deliverance strove!  
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove

A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!

Ye storms that round the dawning east assembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light;  
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;

When France, her front deep-scarred and gory,

Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;

When, insupportably advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp,

While, timid looks of fury glancing,

Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore,

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee.

*Geof.* Is not that a fine image of the stormy sunrise? And is not that picture of Gallia Victrix majestic?

*Hen.* What a shame, though, to call the loyalty of La Vendée "domestic treason"!

*Bas.* Shall I say you the opening of the ode? It contains the secret of the poet's disappointment. He had studied freedom, not amidst men, but among the clouds and waves. Now their liberty is

a freedom to obey their Maker's laws,—that which man seeks is too often the liberty to break them, on which abuse of freedom punishment surely follows. But it is an invocation, beautiful as are the words of the Greek heroine, who, like Coleridge, in all her protests against human tyranny, remained faithful to the "eternal laws."

Ye clouds that far above me float and pause,  
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!

Ye ocean-waves, that wheresoe'er ye roll,  
Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye woods, that listen to the night-birds singing,

Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,

Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,

Have made a solemn music of the wind!

Where, like a man beloved of God,

Through glooms which never woodman trod,

How oft, pursuing fancies holy,

My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,

Inspired beyond the guess of folly

By each rude shape, and wild unconquerable sound!

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!

And O ye clouds that far above me soared!

Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky!

Yea, everything that is and will be free!

Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,

With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

*Hen.* Thank you, oh, so much! That is beautiful! Now, is it Coleridge's grief, do you think, at having misunderstood these sublime teachings of nature, which breathes in his later "Ode to Dejection"? where he speaks of himself as gazing with a blank eye on

those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,

That give away their motion to the stars;

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew

In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;

I see them all so excellently fair;

I see, not feel, how beautiful they are;

and exclaims mournfully,—

We receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does nature live;

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

And would we ought behold, of higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth.

I want to know whether that beautifully expressed thought is a just one? or is it

merely the fancy of a depressed imagination?

*Geof.* Coleridge seems here to state one side of the truth; but, as Berkeley does, over-strongly. The mind that perceives, receives those impressions from the object perceived, and those only, which it is at that time capable of receiving. Nature, therefore, speaks of freedom to the aspiring spirit, while to the willing slave her voice is dumb; and moves man's heart most powerfully when she coincides with his joy and sorrow; when she shines on the bridal, and drops tears over our dead. Those poets who, like Tennyson, for example, delight to exhibit her in such harmony with our moods, are said to use the "pathetic fallacy;" for, as we all know, nature can sing when we sorrow, and mourn when our hearts feel glad.

*Bas.* I should be inclined, with Wordsworth, and Coleridge himself when fittest to pronounce, to say that we receive far more than we give. Whose moods of sadness have not been charmed away by nature's joy — nay, even when it is a joy that we cannot share? When, for instance, the carols of the birds, and the bright sunshine outside, only make the darkness and silence of the death-chamber the more awful, do they not bear witness to us of the presence of one greater than ourselves, who leads through night into day? It is in proportion as we learn to discern him that the "celestial light," of which even Wordsworth had to mourn the fading away with youth, comes back to clothe his works; even as the lost star came back to the gaze of the Eastern sages, when they left Jerusalem for Bethlehem.

There is a third ode by Coleridge which you have neither of you mentioned — that to "The Departing Year." Do not you, Geoffrey, perceive in it much of that lyrical exaltation, that force and fury, which you set out by bespeaking as chief characteristics of the odes?

*Geof.* Yes; but it is unequal in its parts, — not such a sustained exhibition of power as "France."

*Hen.* My complaint of it would be like the Scotchman's of the instructive reading which he found in Johnson's Dictionary, that it is "rather disconnected." I could not have found my way through it without the help of its preface.

*Bas.* Does not that make it the more Pindaric? But, to speak seriously, you are both right; still it has some fine passages — the earth-spirit's accusation of

England, the wicked empress "stunned by death's twice mortal mace," and the poet's own state after seeing the dread vision.

*Geof.* How sad was the premature old age which so early closed all that brilliant promise, and allowed Coleridge but a fitful use of what he calls his birth-gift, his "shaping spirit of imagination"! "Kublai Khan" remains a fragment; "Christabel" is "left half told," to be completed, in a spirit of cheerful ignorance, *prok pudor!* by Martin Tupper; and Trafalgar and Waterloo were not sung by perhaps the greatest poetic genius then in England.

*Hen.* I should like to know — when so much might have been done which was not done by that brilliant constellation of poets then the honor of our country — which you two consider to be the best ode which our great war with Napoleon succeeded in inspiring any one of them with.

*Bas.* I do not know whether Geoffrey will agree with me; but I should say "The Battle of the Baltic." Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and "Mariners of England" — each first-rate of its sort — are rather on a lower line, and scarcely rise to the dignity of the ode; but, in my judgment, his "Battle of the Baltic," though not pretending to the varied harmonies which odes modelled after the great antique patterns afford us, has a majesty of its own which entitles it to the rank of an ode. Its stanzas are, indeed, of unequal merit; but they all, except the last, avoid false ornament, and, dealing sparingly in metaphor, forcibly present to us the poetic aspects of a sea-fight, — its power to wrap the heavens in darkness — its thunders outbellowing the artillery of the skies — its lightnings more harmful than those of the clouds, — and in language awful from its very simplicity. As is, or rather was, Turner's picture of the fighting "Téméraire" in painting, such is this ode in poetry — an irresistible appeal to those strong fighting instincts which every man is born with; which we, like our Viking ancestors, behold in the sea the most fitting field for; and which, properly directed, are an inestimable possession. The sorrow, the indescribable pathos, of Turner's picture arises from the fact that the gallant ship is to fight no more. Campbell's poem makes us rejoice over our "hearts of oak" as if they were living things, and could themselves enjoy their triumph. Everything now around us (except the month of the year, which happens to be



the same) is as different from the scene of which Campbell writes as possible. Our downward path has once more brought the lake into view sleeping peacefully below us, its farther shore illumined by the sun, now low in the sky. The tinkle of a sheep-bell is the loudest sound we hear, as it plays an accompaniment to the murmur of the brook. But as I say the words, —

It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time, —

I seem to see the northern billows, and the ships confronting each other in line of battle, and the descendants of the old sea adventurers met once more, forgetful of their common descent, for mortal combat. How does it go on?

"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun

From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;  
Then cease — and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Then comes the surrender, and how

Denmark blessed our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day:  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

And then how well the ode concludes with a lament over the gallant men who died in the hour of victory, and whose resting-place recalls the memory of that best-beloved of Danes to an Englishman, Hamlet! —

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

*Hen.* Will you not say us the last stanza?

*Bas.* I think it better omitted. I am not very fond of its "condoling mermaid."

*Geof.* How pleasantly the English respect for a brave adversary comes out in that poem! The Danes cheer as we do, heartily and undauntedly; only with weaker sound as their numbers diminish.

*Hen. (to Basil).* You were right: one does seem to see it all, — the preternatural darkness only lighted by the burning ships, and the sad sights on which the sun slowly looks forth once more. Now, will you kindly explain to me why you, a learned and peaceful person, can take pleasure in visions of carnage like those you have been calling up before us? and why Geoffrey, a man of letters, and I, who am not even member of a rifle-corps, both alike partook of what, I fear, I must call the unhallowed excitement?

*Geof.* Let me at least show that there is nothing strange or unwonted in the phenomenon, by the example of one whom I have only lately learned to love, — the laureate's brother, the late Charles Tennyson Turner.

*Bas.* Ah! I am anxious to read his sonnets.

*Hen.* Remembering a certain conversation last summer, I cannot but think you will consider them as highly irregular, — in fact, unfit to be called *sonnets* at all; and I am surprised at Geoffrey's admiring them, for, if I remember right, he contended the more strenuously of the two for correctness of form.

*Bas.* Are they more un-Petrarchan than Shakespeare's?

*Geof.* No; and they justify themselves often, which is the main point, by their own beauty. His first little volume was, if I am any judge, by far the best, though nearly all his sonnets are worth reading; and one of those early sonnets, written while at college, by one of the gentlest and most amiable of men, may supply some answer to Henry's question. It is called "Martial Ardor in Age." That I can repeat it to you will show how much it has impressed me. It runs thus: —

Oh! if ye marvel that mine eye doth glow,  
Now every pulse of fervid youth is lost,  
Ye never heard the kingly trumpets blow,  
Nor felt the fieldward stirring of a host;  
Nor how the bayonet assures the hand  
That it can never fail, while Death doth stand,  
Amid the thunders of the reckless drum  
And the loud scorn of fifes, ashamed and dumb!



Nor, when the noble revel dies away,  
How proud they lie upon the stained mould,  
A presence too majestic to gainsay,  
Of lordly martial bearing mute and cold,  
Which Honor knows o' th' instant! such as  
lay

On Morat late, or Marathon of old!

*Hen.* It seems odd to speak of the battle of Morat as a recent occurrence. It was fought in the fifteenth century, was it not? Is there no newer battle that could take its place?

*Geof.* The alliteration must be preserved, and the fight must be one fought for a country's liberty and independence; so that limits the choice. I should be inclined for some alteration like, —

On Morat's sod, or Marathon's of old!

*Hen.* Then, too, does not the first line need explaining? We are not told what the eye glows at. Should not "at war" be added in the second line, omitting "fervid"?

*Geof.* Possibly: the following lines, however, abundantly suggest it.

*Bas.* I am rather ashamed of you both with your minute criticisms. Have you not a word of admiration for that fine poetic representation of the undoubted fact that even the constitutionally timid cease to fear when once engaged in a hand-to-hand combat? The hand assured by the bayonet, death's ashamed silence amid the martial music, Honor owning the bravely fallen, are all splendid. What soldier seasoned in a hundred fights could describe the enthusiasm of conflict more justly than this quiet student has done? But to answer your question, Henry. It is not the bloodshed and slaughter, but the endurance, the courage, the power to overcome, which delight the mind in warlike poetry. Most of all, it is the evidence of an assured belief in man's immortality supplied by the fact that wise and good men in all ages have thought that there were causes in defence of which man's earthly life should be cheerfully laid down, that refreshes and uplifts the spirit. You, in the calling that awaits you, we in those we are pursuing, have each of us to fight — though our enemies may not be so easy to see, or so quickly to be overcome, as those our brother soldier goes to meet. You remember the words of that generous prince, Fortinbras, over the dead Hamlet, decreeing him those military honors which he never had the opportunity to earn: —

Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,  
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXV. 1782

For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have proved most royally; and, for his  
passage,

The soldier's music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him.

May you two be able to have some such thoughts as those about your old friend; when the bells, which will soon be summoning us from that grey church-tower in the dale to the Easter Tuesday evening service, toll slowly in his honor, and he is carried, off his last battle-field, to take a long rest in its shelter!

From The Sunday Magazine.

HOW SHE TOLD A LIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THE three travellers — kind Cousin Eva, and her young charges, Cherry and Ruth — were standing on the staircase of the curious old Hôtel de Bourghéroude, by the Place de la Pucelle, Rouen. That narrow, gloomy little square looked still narrower and gloomier in the drizzle of the dull November day; and the ugly pump in the middle of it, with a still uglier statue on the top, marking the place where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt, had been a sore disappointment to the children. They had come, enthusiastic little pilgrims, to see the spot where their favorite heroine died; and Cousin Eva could hardly get them to believe that it was the spot — that the common-looking marketplace, where a few ordinary modern market people were passing and re-passing, had actually been the scene of that cruel deed — that from the very identical windows of those very identical houses, brutal eyes had watched the maid as she stood, the flames curling round her, clasping the rude cross which some charitable soul pushed towards her hand.

"Do you remember," Cousin Eva said, "how, at the last moment, she retracted all the false confession of heresy and witchcraft which torture had wrung from her, and exclaimed, 'Yes, my voices were of God'?" and how, when she saw the flames approaching her, she shut her eyes, called out once 'Jesus!' dropped her head upon her breast, and that was all; till they raked up a handful of charred bones out of the embers, and threw them into the Seine?"

The children looked grave. At last they did realize the whole.

"I wonder what sort of a day it was,"

whispered Cherry: "dull and gloomy, like to-day, or with a bright, blue, sunshiny sky? Perhaps she looked up at it before the fire touched her. And perhaps he stood here—just where we stand—the English soldier who cried out, 'We have burnt a saint!'"

"And so she was," said Ruth, with a quiver passing over the eager little face; "a real saint."

"But, Cousin Eva," added Cherry, "why did she ever own to being a witch? and how could she say her voices were not true when she believed they were true? One way or other she must have told a lie."

Miss Cherry was of an argumentative, rather than a sentimental turn. She thought a good deal herself, and liked to make other people think too, so as to enable her to get to the bottom of things. She could never overlook the slightest break in a chain of practical reasoning; and if she had a contempt in this world, it was for a weak person, or a person who told a lie. This flaw, even in her favorite Maid of Orleans, otherwise so strong and brave, was too much for Cherry to pass over.

"Do you not think," said Cousin Eva, "that it would be possible, under stress of circumstances, to tell a lie—to confess to something one had never done? Bishop Cranmer, for instance—have you forgotten how he signed a recantation, and then thrust into the flames 'that unworthy right hand'? And Galileo, when forced by the Inquisition to declare the earth stood still, muttered afterwards, '*E pur si muove.*' Yes, yes," continued she, "one never knows what one may be driven to do till the time comes. The force of torture is very strong. Once upon a time, I remember, I told a lie."

"You told a lie!" echoed Cherry, looking with amazement into the bright, sweet, honest face—rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed—her little cousins themselves had not more innocent eyes than Eva's—as clear and round as a baby's.

"But nobody ever tortured you?" asked tender-hearted Ruth, clinging to the kindly hand, which, indeed, she never went far away from, in these alarming "foreign parts."

"No, my little girl; the thumbscrews, the rack, and the maiden belong, luckily, to that room in the Tower where we saw them once; and we are in the nineteenth and not the fifteenth century. Still even nowadays a good deal of moral torture can be brought to bear upon one occa-

sionally, especially when one is only a child, as I was then. And I was tried sharply—enough to make me remember it even now, and feel quite sure that if I had been Jeanne d'Arc I should very likely have done exactly as she did! Also I learnt, what I have tried to put in practice ever since, that nothing makes people liars like disbelieving them."

Ruth gave a little tender pressure to the hand she held, while Cherry said proudly, "You never disbelieve us, and you never need to! But tell us, Cousin Eva, about the lie you told. Was it denying something you had done, or owing to something you were quite innocent of, like poor Jeanne d'Arc? Do tell! You know how we like a story."

"What, here, in this pelt of rain?" answered Cousin Eva, as she proceeded to investigate from under her umbrella the curious bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which still remain in the court of the Hôtel du Bourgthérout. "No, children; you must wait a more desirable opportunity."

Which, however, was not long in coming. The day brightened—grew into one of those exquisite days which French people call *Pété de St. Martin*—and truly I know nothing like it, except what it most resembles, a sweet, peaceful, contented old age. So Cousin Eva decided to take the children to a place which she herself had once seen and never forgotten, the little church on a hilltop, called Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.

"Is that the same which Alice sings about in the opera of '*Robert le Diable*'?" and Cherry struck up, in her clear young voice—

"Quand je quittais ma Normandie.

Rouen is in Normandy, so of course it was the same—

Daigne protéger nos amours,  
Notre-Dame de Bon Secours."

"Please don't sing quite so loud, or the hotel people will hear you," said timid Ruth, and was quite relieved when they started off. I need not relate how extremely the children enjoyed the stiff climb up the hill, and admired the lovely building, all ablaze with brilliant but harmonious coloring, and the little side-chapels, filled with innumerable votive inscriptions: "A Marie," "Grâces à Marie," "Elle a exaucé mes vœux," etc. Curious, simple, almost childish, it all was, yet touching to those who feel, as Cousin Eva did, that to believe earnestly in anything is better than believing in nothing.

Afterwards they all sat and rested in one of the prettiest resting-places I know for those that live and move, or for "them that sleep"—the graveyard on the hill-top, close behind the church of Notre-Dame de Bon Secours. From this high point they could see the whole country for miles and miles, the Seine winding through it in picturesque curves. Rouen, with its bridges and streets, distinct as in a map, lay at their right hand, and, rising out of the mass of houses, etherealized by the yellow sunset light, were the two spires of the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ouen.

"Can you see the market-place, Cousin Eva? If so, poor Jeanne d'Arc, when she was brought out to die, must have seen this hill, with the church on the top of it; that is, supposing there was a church."

"There might have been, though not this one, which is modern, you see."

"I wonder," continued Cherry, who was always wondering, "if she looked up at it, and thought it hard that Notre-Dame de Bon Secours should not have succored her. Perhaps because, to escape from the heretic English, she had told a lie."

"And that reminds me," added Ruth, who was not given to ethical questions, "that while we sit and rest, we might hear from Cousin Eva about the lie she told."

"Yes, yes. Please say, Cousin Eva, was it a big or a little one? Why did you tell it? And was it ever found out?"

"I don't quite see the difference between big and little, my child. A lie is a lie, though sometimes there are extenuating circumstances in the reason for telling it. And once told, the question whether or not it is ever found out, does not matter. My lie never was found out, but it grieved me all the same."

"Will it grieve you to tell about it? I should not like that," said Ruth softly.

"No, dear; because I have long since forgiven myself. I was such a small child, much younger than either of you, and, unlike you, I had no parents, only an aunt and uncle and a lot of rough cousins, who domineered over me and made me afraid. That was the cause. The sure way to make a child untruthful is to make it afraid. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the shudder of terror that came over me when my eldest cousin clutched me by the shoulder saying, 'Did you do that?'"

"And what had you done?" asked Cherry.

"Nothing, but Will thought I had. We were all digging in our gardens, and he had just found his favorite jessamine plant lying uprooted on the ground. It had been my favorite too, but Will took it from my garden and planted it in his own, where I watched it anxiously, for I was afraid it would die."

"'You did it on purpose,' Will persisted; 'or if not out of revenge, out of pure silliness. Girls are always so silly. Didn't you propose yesterday to dig it up just to see if it had got a root?'"

"Which was quite true. I was a very silly little girl, but I meant no harm. I wouldn't for the world have harmed either Will or his jessamine. I told him so, but he refused to believe me. So did they all. They stood round me, and declared I must have done it. Nobody else had been in the garden, except indeed a dog, who was in the habit of burying his bones there. But they never thought of him as the sinner, it was only of me. And when I denied doing the thing, they were only the more angry."

"You know you are telling a lie. And where do little girls go to that tell lies?" cried Will, who sometimes told them himself; but then he was a boy, and it was a rule in that family, a terribly mistaken one, that the boys might do anything, and the girls must always give in to the boys. So when Will looked fiercely at me, repeating, 'You know you did it,' I almost felt as if I really had done it. Unable to find another word, I began to cry."

"Look here, you children"—he called all the rest children—"Eva has gone and pulled up my jessamine, out of spite, or mischief, or pure silliness—I don't know which, and I don't care. I'd forgive her, if she would only confess, but she won't. She keeps on telling lie after lie, and we won't stand children that tell lies. If we punish her, she'll howl, so I propose that until she confesses we all send her to Coventry."

"It's a very nice town, but I don't want to go there," said I, at which I remember they all burst out laughing, and I cried only the more."

"I had no idea what 'sending to Coventry' meant, unless it was like sending to Siberia, which I had lately been reading of, or to the quicksilver mines, where condemned convicts were taken, and where nobody ever lived more than two years. Perhaps there were quicksilver mines at Coventry? A cold shudder of fear ran through me, but I was utterly powerless. I could but die."

"Soon I discovered what my punishment was; and, though not death, it was hard enough. Fancy, children, being treated day after day, and all day long, just as if you were a chair or a table—never taken the least notice of, never answered if you spoke, never spoken to on any account; never played with, petted, or scolded. Completely and absolutely ignored. This was being 'sent to Coventry,' and it was as cruel a punishment as could have been inflicted upon any little girl, especially a sensitive little girl who liked her playfellows, rough as they were, and was very fond of one of them, who was never rough, but always kind and good.

"This was a little boy who lived next door. His parents, like mine, were out in India; nor had he any brothers or sisters. He was just my age, and younger than any of my cousins. So we were the best of friends—Tommy and I. His surname I have forgotten, but I know we always called him Tommy, and that I loved him dearly. The bitterest pang of all this bitter time was that even Tommy went over to the enemy.

"At first he had been very sorry for me—had tried, all through that holiday Saturday when my punishment began, to persuade me to confess, and escape it; and when he failed—for how could I confess to what I had never done? to an action so mean that I would have been ashamed even to have thought of doing?—then Tommy also sent me to Coventry. On the Sunday, all 'us children'—we didn't mind grammar much in those days—walked to church together across the fields; and Tommy always walked with me, chattering the whole way. Now we walked in total silence, for Will's eye was upon him, and even Tommy was afraid. Whatever I said, he never answered a single word.

"Then I felt as if all the world were against me—as if it was no use trying to be good, or telling the truth, since even the truth was regarded as a lie. In short, in my small childish way, I suffered much as poor Jeanne d'Arc must have suffered when she was shut up in her prison at Rouen, called a witch, a deceiver—for-saken of all, and yet promised pardon if she would only confess and own she was a wicked woman, which she knew she was not.

"I was quite innocent, but after three days of being supposed guilty I ceased to care whether I were guilty or no. I seemed not to care for anything. Since

they supposed I was capable of such a mean thing as pulling up a harmless jessamine-root out of spite, what did it matter whether they thought I had told a lie or not? Indeed, if I did tell one, it would be much easier than telling the truth: and every day my 'sticking it out,' and persisting in the truth, became more difficult.

"This state of things continued till Wednesday, which was our half-holiday, when my cousins usually went a long walk or played cricket, and I was sent in to spend the afternoon with Tommy. They were the delight of my life, those long quiet Wednesdays, when Tommy and I went 'mooning about,' dug in our garden, watched our tadpoles—we had a hand-basin full of them, which we kept in the arbor till they developed into myriads of frogs and went hopping about everywhere. But even tadpoles could not charm me now, and I dreaded, rather than longed for, my half-holiday.

"School had been difficult enough, for Tommy and I had the same daily governance; but if, when we played together, he was never to speak to me, what should I do? Besides, his grandmother would be sure to find it out; and she was a prim and rather strict old lady, to whom a child who had been sent to Coventry for telling a lie would be a perfect abhorrence. What could I do? Would it not be better to hide away somewhere, so as to escape going in to Tommy's house at all? Indeed, I almost think some vague thought of running away and hiding myself forever crossed my mind, when I heard Will calling me.

"He and two of the others were standing at the front door—a terrible council of three; like that which used to sentence to death the victims in the Prigioni, which we saw last month at Venice. I felt not unlike a condemned prisoner—one who had been shut up so long that death came almost as a relief—which it must often have been to those poor souls. The three big boys stood over me like judges over a criminal and Tommy stood beside them looking very sad.

"'Little girl,' said Will, in quite a judicial tone, 'we think you have been punished enough to make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself. We wish you to go and play with Tommy as usual; but Tommy could not possibly have you unless you were out of Coventry. We will give you one chance more. Confess that you pulled up the jessamine, and we'll forgive you, and tell nobody about you; and

you shall go and have tea with Tommy just as if nothing had happened. Think — you have only to say one word.

"And if I don't say it?"

"Then," answered Will, with a solemn and awful expression, 'I shall be obliged immediately to tell everybody everything.'

"That terrible threat — all the more formidable because of its vagueness — quite overcame me. To be set down as a liar or to become one; to be punished as I knew my aunt would punish me on her son's mere statement, for a wrong thing I had never done, or to do a wrong thing, and, escaping punishment, go back to my old happy life with my dear Tommy, who stood, the tears in his eyes, waiting my decision!

"It was a hard strait — too hard for one so young. And Will stood glaring at me, with his remorseful eyes.

"Well, now — say, once for all, did you pull up my jessamine?"

"It was too much. Sullenly, slowly, I made up my mind to the inevitable, and answered, 'Since you will have it so — yes.' But the instant I had said it, I fell into such a fit of sobbing — almost hysterical screaming — that my cousins were all frightened and ran away.

"Tommy stayed, however. He got me into the quiet arbor as fast as he could. I felt his arms round my neck, and his comforting was very tender, very sweet. But I was long before I stopped crying, and still longer before anything like cheerfulness came into my poor little heart. We played together all the afternoon very affectionately, but in a rather melancholy sort of way, as if we had something on our minds to which we never made the smallest reference. Tommy was a timid boy, and Will had cowed him into unkindness: but he loved me — I knew he loved me. Only, as is often the case, if his love had had a little more courage it would have been all the better for me — perhaps for him too.

"We spent a peaceful, but rather dull afternoon, and then were summoned indoors to tea.

"Now, tea at Tommy's house was a serious thing. Tommy's grandmother always sat at the table, and looked at us through her spectacles, and talked to us in a formal and dignified manner, asking if we had been good children, had learnt our lessons well, had played together without quarrelling, etc., etc. She was a kind old lady, but she always made us feel that she was an old lady, years upon years older than we, and quite unable to understand us

at all. Consequently, we never did more than answer her questions and hold our tongues. As for telling her anything — our troubles especially — we would as soon have thought of confiding in the queen, or the emperor of all the Russias.

"I never opened my lips all tea-time, and at last she noticed it. Also that my eyes were rather red.

"This little girl looks as if she had been crying. I hope you have not made her cry, Tommy, my dear?"

"Tommy was silent. But I eagerly declared that Tommy had not made me cry. Tommy was never unkind to me.

"I am glad to hear it, Evangeline' (she always gave me my full name); 'and I hope you too are a good child, who is never in mischief, and above all never tells lies. If I were not quite sure of that, I could not allow Tommy to play with you.'

"She looked us full in the face as if she saw through and through us — which she did not, being very short-sighted — yet I felt myself tremble in every limb. As for Tommy, he just glanced at me and glanced away again, turning crimson to the very roots of his hair, but he said nothing.

"What would have happened next, I cannot tell: we waited in terror, holding one another's hands under the table-cloth. But mercifully at that very instant the old lady was fetched to speak with some one, and we two children had to finish our tea alone.

"It almost choked us — me, at any rate. But as soon as ever it was over, and Tommy and I found ourselves safe out in the garden, I flung my arms round his neck and told him all.

"And Tommy believed me. No matter whether the others did or not, Tommy believed me — at last! Tommy sympathized with me, comforted me, thought I was not so very wicked even though I had told a lie, but not the one I was accused of telling. Tommy wept with me over all I had suffered, and promised that, though perhaps it was better to let the matter rest now, if such a thing were to happen again, he would not be afraid of Will or of anybody, but would stand up for me 'like a man.'

"And did he do it?" asked Cherry, with slight incredulity in her tone.

"He never had the opportunity. A week after this he was suddenly sent for to join his parents abroad, and I never saw my friend Tommy any more."

"But did you never hear of him? Is



he alive still? He must be a very old gentleman by this time."

"Very. No doubt a father—possibly even a grandfather," replied Cousin Eva, smiling.

Cherry blushed. "I didn't mean that, since he was barely as old as you, and you are certainly not a grandmother. But I want to hear more of Tommy. Is he married?"

"I really cannot say. The last time I heard of him was ten years ago, when he was living somewhere abroad—I rather think at Shanghai. He was not married then."

"I wish," whispered Ruth solemnly, "I wish he would come back to England and marry you."

Cousin Eva laughed. "There might be two opinions on that question, you know. But oh! my children, when you are married, and have children of your own, remember my story. If ever a poor little thing looks up in your face saying, 'I didn't do that,' believe it! If it sobs out, 'I'm not naughty,' don't call it naughty! Give it the benefit of the doubt. Have patience, take time; and whatever you do, don't make it afraid. Cowards are always liars. Of the two evils it is less harmful to believe a person who tells a lie, than to doubt another who is speaking the truth."

"I think so too," said Cherry sagely. "Remember poor Jeanne d'Arc."

"And poor Cousin Eva," added Ruth, kissing the well-beloved hand.

And so, in the fading twilight, the three rose up together, and went down the hill from Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.

From Temple Bar.

RICHELIEU.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

At the beginning of Alfred de Vigny's stirring and brilliant romance, "Cinq-Mars," the old Marshal Bassompierre is represented as giving his views upon the new state of things that he finds arisen in France. Some one asks his opinion upon some action of Cardinal Richelieu, and he replies:—

How can I understand anything of the new rule under which France lives? Old brothers-in-arms of the late king cannot talk the language of the new court—nor can the new court comprehend ours. What am I saying? There is no such thing as talking in this

wretched country—for every one is afraid to speak before the cardinal. That puffed-up vassal looks on us as old family portraits—every now and then from one of these portraits he takes away a head, but, happily, the motto remains. Yes, we are all of us in the way—the minutes that we have left to live are jealously counted, and the hourglass is shaken to hasten them.

A little later on, Bassompierre gives a sketch of what the time of his youth was like. The class to which he belonged were loyal subjects of the king, but felt that each of them was by right of birth absolute ruler of his own lands. The great families which it was the cardinal's object to destroy, held their place at court by the weight of their own dignity—and their position was explained in the saying, "Prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis." The king himself wrote to one of the nobles, "L'argent n'est pas chose commune entre gentilshommes comme vous et moi." Here one of the company interrupts Bassompierre by observing that this magnificent independence had led to civil wars and to such revolts as Montmorenci's.

These revolts and wars, sir [answers the marshal], had no effect on the constitution of the State, and could no more upset the throne than a duel could. Not one of the great party chiefs but would have laid his victory at the king's feet in the event of success, knowing well that all his fellows would abandon an enemy of the legitimate sovereign. It was against a faction, not against sovereign authority, that arms were taken up. What have you accomplished in destroying us? You have broken the supports of the throne, and you have nothing to put in their place. I have no doubt that the cardinal-duke will carry out his design in full. The great nobles will leave and lose their estates, and losing them will lose their power. Already the court has become a hall of office-seekers—later on it will be a mere antechamber filled with the king's followers and dependents. In the beginning great names will exact low offices, but there will be a terrible reaction, and the low offices will degrade the great names. The nobles will exist only by virtue of the charges committed to them, and if the people, on whom they will have lost their influence, choose to rise in revolt . . .

Here the marshal is again interrupted in the midst of a prophecy most effectively put into his mouth. Whether any man of those times was really far-sighted enough to discern the probable future effect of Richelieu's policy may well be doubted. It may perhaps safely be taken for granted that Richelieu himself had no suspicion that he was laying the way for



the overthrow of the monarchy. His efforts for the glory and aggrandisement of France, which of course included his own, might be compared to the work of a builder, who should add story after story to a house, without looking well to its foundations, until the fabric became top-heavy and needed only a few blows from a pickaxe to overthrow it.

The character of Cardinal Richelieu has been viewed and represented in almost every possible light. He has been described as an ardent patriot, as a mean and selfish schemer, as a man of austere life, as a reckless libertine, as a tyrant of overpowering will and energy, and as the mere instrument of a crafty Capuchin monk. As yet no one has denied that he possessed a certain amount of talent, but we live in an age of historical surprises, and we shall perhaps learn some day that the great cardinal was little better than an idiot.

Before looking at some of the chief facts in Richelieu's reign over France — one might almost say over Europe — it may be worth while to see what kind of life it was that flourished in France when he made himself practically its king.

In most people's imagination a certain halo of romance naturally attaches itself to a past time in which there was much splendor and magnificence, and we are perhaps too apt to forget that if in such a time there was an almost fabulous brilliancy which people in these days no longer aim at, there were also a squalor and degradation which it is difficult to realize. Novelists and poets have shown us the dazzling side of the time in which Richelieu was the central figure of France, and they have shown us also something of the miserable intriguing which constantly agitated the court; but with a sense of artistic fitness, they have not brought to light the degradation and brutality which existed in the highest places. *Cinq-Mars*, the chivalrous hero of De Vigny's charming novel, seems very much the reverse of chivalrous as he appears in Tallemant des Réaux's pages; and in the same pages the romantic story of Buckingham's devotion to the queen of France, some leading incidents of which the great Dumas has put into his novel the "Three Musketeers," becomes singularly vulgar and unpleasant. Nor is one's idea of the great cardinal himself exalted by learning that he was in the habit of beating his captain of the guards when displeased with him, although it seems to be true that the king had the same weakness.

In the words and actions of the people of that time, from the highest to the lowest, there was a grossness which happily is now almost inconceivable. Of the brutality of the period a striking instance is found in the history of the death of Concini, Marshal D'Ancre, who was assassinated on the bridge of the Louvre, in the days when Richelieu was nothing greater than Bishop of Luçon and a secretary of state. Five gentlemen who, or some of whom let us hope, believed that they had the king's authority for what they did, fell upon the marshal, then in the zenith of power and honor, as he crossed the bridge. Their names were Duhallier, Perray, Guichamont, Morsains, and Le Buisson. Five pistol-shots were fired at Marshal D'Ancre, three of which hit him — one between the eyes, one in the throat, and one below the ear. A sixth person, Sarroque, who had previously offered to kill the marshal unaided, stabbed him in the side, and a seventh struck him twice on the neck with a sword. Others gave him needless blows after he was dead. Vitri, brother of Duhallier, cried "*Vive le roi!*" triumphantly, as soon as he saw that Marshal D'Ancre was dead. Sarroque carried the marshal's sword to the king, who made him a present of it, and Duhallier in his latter days boasted of having shot the marshal, and said that he had never felt any scruple or remorse for having done so. In the reign of the next king, Louis XIV., a portrait of Vitri was made, and beneath it were written these words: "He was for a long time captain of the guard to the late king, Louis XIII., who found him useful in suppressing a threatened civil war, by setting him on to attack Marshal D'Ancre. . . . This incomparable stroke of justice on the part of that great prince, will always testify that he was divinely inspired for the health of his State and the repose of his subjects." It was a queer kind of repose that one of his subjects got by means of three pistol-balls and several stabs; but fortunately for the memory of Louis XIII., it does not seem by any means certain that he had commanded the death of Marshal D'Ancre, while it is tolerably certain that the event caused him some misery throughout his life. What marks the hideous savagery which went hand in hand with the barbarous magnificence of the age, is the sequel of this abominable murder. Archers were sent to search the marshal's house, where they found his widow. They found and took away various jewels which she had

concealed, and left her so destitute that she had to borrow what she could from her son, who had been made a prisoner elsewhere, before she could go out into the streets. This wretched son was horribly ill-treated by his guard. The queen presently sent for him, gave him sweetmeats, and asked him to dance to her. In the evening the marshal's great offices and small possessions—down to a velvet cloak—were divided among the nobles who had compassed or accomplished his death.

What was Richelieu's blame in this business is a matter which polemical historians might, if they liked, discuss forever. All that seems surely known concerning him with regard to this detestable business is that he received information of the intended assassination the night before it took place—that when he got the news he said to his dean: "There is no hurry, I will sleep upon this matter,"—and that he slept upon it so effectually, that the next day the Marshal D'Ancre, the founder of Richelieu's fortune, was, as we have seen, most foully murdered. Brienne relates that the news was brought to him at eleven o'clock at night, and that the information was so precise and particular that he ought at once to have accepted it as a revelation from one of the conspirators, and at once to have acted upon it. But it does not appear that there was any really valid reason for his accepting the information as being true. Brienne, however, thinks that the cardinal was to blame, and details a conversation which he had on the subject with his father the elder Brienne.

Having asked him [he writes] what he thought of the Bishop of Luçon's conduct on this occasion, he replied that the thing spoke for itself and needed no commentary. "Is it a fact, sir," I said, "that Cardinal Richelieu was not sorry to be quit of the Marshal D'Ancre?" "Can you doubt it?" he replied—"the cardinal knew well enough what was going to happen. De Luynes" (De Luynes was the king's favorite at the time of Concini's death) "De Luynes, who made himself constable of France before he had fleshed his sword on anything more formidable than stags and wild boars, gave no disquietude to Richelieu; but as long as Concini lived Richelieu would never have been prime minister, and the marshal, you may be sure, would never have given him the cardinal's hat. To gain his ends he was obliged to allow the death of his protector, whose hour had indeed come, and although according to the rules of friendship and of Christianity the cardinal's action was hardly justifiable, yet in compliance with the maxims of Machiavelli and of political wisdom,

I think it was well designed, though I cannot say that I approve of it."

M. Barrière, the accomplished editor of Brienne's memoirs, has on the conversation just related the following note:—

Without accepting lightly Brienne's conjectures on a subject of so much interest, one may see that there are things which appear to make these conjectures plausible. One must remark in the first place that the elder Brienne, one of the ministers who were immediately recalled by Louis XIII. after the death of Concini, was perhaps better informed than any one else as to the intrigues of the day, and that he was even supposed to be the author of the official account of the marshal's death.

These two arguments are not perhaps of the highest value. It might even be supposed that a minister recalled immediately after such an assassination and presumably employed to write a history of it, would be willing to give as much blame to Richelieu, and as little to the king as possible. However, "in the second place," says M. Barrière, "one must note what Marshal D'Estrées says, in his memoirs, of the beginning of Richelieu's career:—

He had not long been a secretary of state before he was regarded as a man of uncommon talent, and of extraordinary merit—a circumstance which soon raised jealous feelings in Marshal D'Ancre.

Richelieu was not slow to perceive this, and has said in his memoirs that from that time he could no longer count on the good will of Marshal D'Ancre. "But," continues M. Barrière, "what is worthy of great consideration is the message sent by Richelieu to De Luynes three days before the assassination of Concini." This message was given by Richelieu's brother-in-law to the king's favorite, for the ear of the king, and was to the effect that Richelieu was his Majesty's most devoted servant. Whether it is of the importance that the editor of Brienne attaches to it may perhaps be doubted. On the one hand it may be suggested that, taken together with Richelieu's passiveness as to Concini's murder, it goes to prove that, as the elder Brienne says, Richelieu, being "a politic gentleman," was not sorry to get his benefactor out of the way; on the other hand, it may be said that the two matters had no connection, that Richelieu's profession of fidelity to the king had no absolutely special object, and that he was not to be blamed for taking no immediate action on receipt of intelligence which might or might not

be true. So far as I can see, there is no irrefragable evidence to be brought forward for either view, and if we are to accept the darker suggestion, we must remember that life was held cheaper in those days than it was in the wild days of the Far West in America, and that it was only the exalted position of Concini which raised to importance a deed which was characteristic of the time. The king himself lived in such constant suspicion and dread for his life that elaborate ceremonies were gone through before he could eat anything that was served for his meals. His knives, forks, and spoons were kept in a coffer, locked with a padlock, to prevent the chance of their being poisoned, and his meat had to be tasted by the officers of his household before he ate it himself. Together with the barbarity of manners and the ignorance that prevailed, there naturally went the blindest superstition — Louis XIII. fled from the castle of Ecouen because he thought he encountered Montmorenci's ghost in one of the corridors, and on the birth of Louis XIV., Richelieu, at the queen's request, sent for Campanella to draw his horoscope. The Abbé Arnauld writes with the utmost gravity of a man who possessed a charm against swords and bullets, and who, his death being desired by certain soldiers of a party opposite to his, had to be killed with a blow from the butt of a gun. That a wizard who can command charms against steel and lead, but is powerless to resist the wooden butt of a gun, must be an uncommonly stupid fellow, does not seem to have occurred to the superstitious bigots of the time. There seems no reason to suppose that in the matter of superstition Richelieu was ahead of his time, or that when he permitted the execution of Urbain Grandier, he did not believe him to be a wizard and a soldier of Satan.

It was then in the midst of a hopelessly blind and brutal society, at a time when crimes of the gravest character were constantly committed with impunity, when a barbaric splendor and a hypocritical affectation of chivalry were contrasted with the foulest manners and the darkest morals, that Armand Du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, was born. He was the third son of Francis Du Plessis, a gentleman of noble birth. Armand was born on the fifth of September, 1585. He was educated in Poitou, and afterwards at the colleges of Navarre and of Lisieux. It is said that when he was at the Sorbonne, he dedicated his thesis to Henry IV.,

with a letter, in which he promised if he should ever obtain office to serve the king faithfully. His elder brother's resignation of the bishopric of Luçon left it open to Armand, and in 1607 he went to Rome to be consecrated. There is an anecdote preserved that he deceived the pope as to his age, and having gained his object asked absolution for the falsehood, at which the pope said, "*Questo giovane sarà un gran furbo.*"

Armand appears to have attended zealously enough to his ecclesiastical duties until the assembly of the States-General in 1614, when he appeared as deputy of the clergy of Poitou. Being deputed to make an address to the king, he complained that churchmen were too seldom called to the councils of their sovereign — and with either singular pedantry, or a singular sense of humor, he appealed to the example of the Druids to show what excellent statesmen priests could be. At the end of his speech he praised the wisdom of the young king in leaving the management of the State in the hands of the queen-mother, a daring stroke of a policy which he afterwards reversed.

This may be a convenient occasion for seeing more particularly what extremely different views have been entertained by different people of Richelieu's character and career. Mr. Bridges in his admirable work, "*France under Richelieu and Colbert*," says of him: —

The helpless confusion produced by an incompetent administration prepared the way for him. Louis XIII., not void of insight, not without a sense of duty, but kind, melancholy, frivolous, pietistic, equally unambitious and incapable of power, handed over the helm to the man whose fitness it is his great credit to have recognized, and from 1618 to 1642 Richelieu was the sole dictator of France. His European policy was animated by the same wise spirit, conservative and yet progressive, that moulded his policy at home.

Later on, Mr. Bridges goes on to speak of those great nobles whom Bassompierre celebrates in De Vigny's "*Cinq-Mars*," "In the prosecution of his trenchant and destructive policy," says the writer: —

he was singularly aided by the contemptible character of the men with whom he had to deal. At the death of Henry IV., in 1610., the great princes of the kingdom advanced formidable claims to partition the government of the kingdom among themselves, and to found an hereditary oligarchy after the English or Venetian type. Disastrous as concession to their claim would have been, the ambition that prompted them was in no way strange.

What was strange and more than usually despicable was, that they should so readily have consented to barter their claims for money. The feeble ministers of the first years of Louis XIII., in order to carry on the king's government at all, were forced to dissipate the resources which the wisdom of Sully had economized. The first princes of France—men like the Prince of Condé or the Count of Soissons—took large sums in cash, or pensions of £20,000 a year, as the price for which they could consent to abstain from troubling the peace of the kingdom. And this was a fair sample of their political morality. Every virtue except that of personal courage seemed to have utterly deserted them. In statesmanlike views, in the sympathies of the citizen, in the elementary sense of patriotism owned by the starving and illiterate peasant, they were utterly wanting. They were always ready to barter away their country's freedom to the Spaniard—and to barter it away at a very low price. There was but one way of dealing with such men. If France was to be governed by a strong hand these men must be crushed with an iron heel. The eighteen years of Richelieu's dictatorship are occupied with a perpetual series of mischievous conspiracies against the king's government and of treasonable negotiations with Spain, in which the Montmorencis, the Condés, the Soissons, the Epernons, were the chief traitors. Richelieu's course was wise, merciful, and inflexibly severe. He struck the chief traitors and them alone.

In what Mr. Bridges here says there is much truth, but at the same time it is to be remembered that besides the chief traitors there were plenty of people whose deaths would not make any stir, and that after one of Gaston d'Orléans revolts so much severity was exercised that the intendant of Campagne went by the name of *Le Bourreau du Cardinal*. It may also be noted as an instance of the universal terror which the cardinal's despotic rule inspired, that on a certain occasion Marshal D'Estrées, being in command of the army of Trèves, heard that a packet had been sent from the court to his lieutenants. No sooner did he learn this than he jumped to the conclusion that the packet contained his death-warrant, and made the best of his way into Germany, whence he was recalled by the cardinal, who it is said did not seem ill-pleased with this tribute to the terror of his name.

Isaac D'Israeli says of Richelieu that he

was the greatest of statesmen, if he who maintains himself by the greatest power is necessarily the greatest minister. He was called the "king of the king." After having long tormented himself and France, he left a great name and a great empire—both alike the vic-

tims of splendid ambition. He had a heartlessness in his conduct, which obstructed by no relentings those remorseless decisions which made him terrible. The sinister means he practised, and the political deceptions he contrived do not yield in subtlety to the dark grandeur of his ministerial character.

And another writer who wrote a life of Richelieu, says with an amusing dogmatism:—

He saw that whilst the king was so young it would be better to act in conjunction with his mother than with him: he foresaw the period of the king's manhood, when he might make him his principal machine. Gratitude to his first benefactress, affection for the king, or love of country, never influenced him, because he never felt them. The grandeur, power, and wealth of Armand Du Plessis were his objects, and if he chanced to benefit either king, queen, or State, it was to serve his own paramount interests.

To go into the various estimates formed of Richelieu by French writers of his own and of later ages, would be a very long task; and we may return to his political career, which may be said to have definitely begun after the assassination of Concini, whose disappearance detracted greatly from the power of the queen-mother. The queen-mother after this event retired to Blois, while Richelieu went first to Luçon, and afterwards to Avignon, where he composed a curious book called "*The Perfection of the Christian*." In 1619 the queen-mother made her escape from Blois, and was met by the Duke D'Epernon, who conducted her to Angoulême. De Luynes, the king's favorite, was for at once sending an armed force against Angoulême, when Richelieu emerged from his real or feigned retirement to offer his services to bring about a reconciliation, which he effected. In 1622 De Luynes died, and in the same year Richelieu obtained the cardinal's hat. As soon as he had been invested with his robes, he flung himself at the feet of the queen-mother, exclaiming: "This purple, which I owe to your Majesty, will serve to remind me perpetually of the solemn vow I have made to spill my blood, if need be, in your service." Soon afterwards the queen-mother strongly advocated Richelieu's admission to the Council; the king replied to her arguments, "I know him better than you do, madam—he is a man of measureless ambition." The new cardinal was however admitted, with an absurd proviso that he should do no more than offer his opinion on the matters under discussion. Richelieu's

genius found an early opportunity for asserting itself in the conduct of the affairs of the Valteline, which, having risen over the head of Vieuville, who was before his admission to the Council at the head of affairs, he took into his own hands. The possession of the Valteline by Spanish troops, in affording to Spain a free passage from Italy to Germany, gave Spain an immense power, which Richelieu determined to crush with the same "iron heel" that he applied to the feudal nobles in France. The cardinal sent De Cœuvres to raise levies of Grisons and Swiss against the Spanish arms—and in carrying out his design, to pursue which to its end would take too long, he found himself in opposition to the head of the religion to which he belonged, inasmuch as he was obliged to soothe and encourage the followers of the Reformed faith. There was a grim humor in the way in which he asserted himself, and his intention to do what he thought best, to the pope's legate. The legate observed that the cardinal must be much embarrassed by the question of a war made by a Catholic prince, practically against the pope himself (the Spaniards had some time before nominally given over the Valteline to the pope). "No," said Richelieu, "the pope gave me authority when I became secretary of state to do and say all, in safety of conscience, for the good of the State." "But," said the legate, "if it came to assisting heretics?" "My authority will stretch to that," replied Richelieu. The cardinal became not unnaturally extremely unpopular with a certain party in France in consequence of this business—and they called him by such names as the pontiff of the Calvinists, the cardinal of La Rochelle, and the patriarch of the atheists. While with one hand he seemed to be assisting the Huguenots against the pope, with the other he appeared to be supporting the Roman Catholic religion by furthering a marriage between Louis XIII.'s sister, Henrietta Maria, and King Charles I. of England. Aubrey, one of his biographers, says that among the arguments he brought forward for this was, "that it being besides necessary to quell the insolence of the Huguenots, this marriage would be an excellent thing, as it would prevent the king of Great Britain from giving them help, and might persuade him to send ships to reduce La Rochelle to submission." It was not long after this that one of Gaston d'Orléans's plots broke out. Monsieur, as he was always called, had been irritated against

the king and the cardinal by Colonel d'Ornano, whom Richelieu promptly clapped into the Bastille; and soon afterwards Chalais, the master of the wardrobe, proposed to Monsieur, with the easy morality of the time, that he, Chalais, should assassinate Richelieu and fly to Holland, to wait for the king's pardon. The conspiracy, however, was discovered, and Chalais was executed.

The next important affair which engaged the cardinal, after what seems the perfectly just execution of Chalais, was the siege of La Rochelle, the stronghold in France of the Huguenot party, and a place which might be called a separate kingdom within the kingdom of France. In the affair of La Rochelle, Buckingham most unwisely pitted himself against the great cardinal, who, it may be noted, had a strong personal dislike to him. There is a curious story to the effect that this dislike began when the cardinal addressed a letter somewhat unceremoniously to the duke, and the duke replied to him in the same fashion. There may have been other and stronger causes. Buckingham was avowedly in love with Louis XIII.'s queen, and according to some writers the cardinal's constant opposition to, and thwarting of, the queen, was the result of rejected love. As to this there is a somewhat amusing story which seems to be tolerably authentic, but which Michelet dismisses in a few contemptuous words as a stupid and incredible tale, giving reasons which are perhaps neither better nor worse than those of most historians for rejecting a circumstance which it does not suit their purpose to accept. The story is preserved by Brienne, who lived rather nearer to the cardinal's time than Michelet, and who was therefore perhaps less capable of giving a judgment unprejudiced by any close knowledge of the facts. It is to this effect: Madame de Chevreuil said one day to the queen that the cardinal was so desperately in love with her that there was nothing he would not do for her. "For instance," she added, "shall I make him come here some evening dressed like a mountebank? shall I make him dance a saraband in that costume? I am sure he will do so if you wish it." "What nonsense!" said the queen, and in the lightness of her heart added, "Yes, do make him do that." Accordingly, Richelieu came dressed in green velvet hose—with silver bells tied to his garters—and with castanets in his hands. He danced his saraband, which was watched from behind a curtain by Boco-



can, Vautier and Beringnen. When the room was cleared he made his declaration to the queen, who treated it as if it were part of the joke, and from that moment dated his animosity to her. It does no doubt at first sound incredible that the great Cardinal Richelieu — the shaker of the earth — should have stooped to so ludicrous an exhibition, but the fact is not out of keeping with the brutal and frivolous meanness of the time. That it was not, as has been said, in itself impossible, is shown by Richelieu's patronage of buffoonery in others, and especially in a certain Boisrobert — a clever fellow who became a kind of court jester to the cardinal, and who was one of the first members of the French Academy. Of this man Mr. Walter Besant, who has written an admirable sketch of him in his "French Humorists," says: —

Great in his buffooneries, great in his flat-teries, great in his vices, he was, perhaps, greater than all in his utter and absolute freedom from any one of those qualities which ordinarily go to make a man respected. Their absence it is which calls for the world's admiration in François le Metel de Boisrobert.

It was after this amusing rascal had taken to the profession of holy orders — for which he was most grossly unfit — that he attracted the attention of Richelieu, whom as long as the cardinal lived he served as a paid buffoon. When Richelieu was wearied with long deliberations on State affairs he would say, "Send for Boisrobert — I want to be made to laugh." And on the duty of making the cardinal laugh with his wonderful powers of mimicry and invention, Boisrobert expended talents which were certainly of the highest order. To Boisrobert, however, rather than to the cardinal himself, belongs the credit of having instituted the French Academy, which grew out of a weekly meeting of certain second-rate poets. Of the names of these, the first members of what is now a great and powerful society, that of Boisrobert himself is the only one generally known. The others were called Conrart, Godeau, Gombaut, Girart, Hubert, Cerisy, Malleville, and Serisay.

Boisrobert seems to have been uncommonly proud of his share in founding the Academy, though he probably little guessed to what it would grow, and though he did a good turn to many incompetent acquaintances of his by getting them elected to this elevated society. He perhaps deserved in one sense a better fate than that which fell to him, for he seems to have

possessed a humor curiously like that of Falstaff. Those who care to do so, can verify this resemblance by reference to the book from which I have already quoted. One of his practical jokes which amused the cardinal was, if not very brilliant in conception, at least very effective in execution. Mlle. de Gournay, the adopted daughter of Montaigne, and an old maid, had produced a book, on the success of which the poet Racan intended to congratulate her. His intention being known, two gentlemen about the court resolved to call on her, one after the other, in the character of Racan. Both were pleasant and courteous, and when the second announced himself, on taking his leave, to be Racan, the old lady only said that young men would have their jokes, and that she was in any case "glad to have met two such handsome and agreeable gentlemen." No sooner had the second of these agreeable gentlemen left Mlle. de Gournay, than the true Racan appeared. Mr. Besant writes: "He was neither handsome nor agreeable. Moreover, he was asthmatic, and was out of breath with the effort of getting up the stairs, so that he came in puffing and panting." "Mademoiselle," he said, "excuse my taking a chair, I will tell you in a quarter of an hour or so why I came to see you — when I get my breath. Why the deuce do you live so high up? Phew — those stairs. Mademoiselle, I am obliged to you for the copy of your book." Mlle. de Gournay was offended at this reference to her poverty, and turning to her companion — a daughter as she proudly said of Amadis Jamyn, page to Ronsard, she said, "Disabuse this gentleman, Jamyn. I have given no copies except to M. Malherbe and M. Racan."

"Racan! — I am Racan."

"Jamyn — be good enough to attend. This is a very pretty story, is it not? At least the other two were gentlemen. This fellow is a mere buffoon."

"Mademoiselle — I am Racan himself."

"I don't care who you are," she cried in a rage; "you are the greatest fool of the three." Then he took his own poems and offered to recite them, but she raged, and cried "Thieves!" until he ran away as fast as he could. Next day she learned the truth and sent Racan an abject apology. Boisrobert used to represent the scene, imitating all the people concerned in it, and make not only Richelieu, but Racan himself laugh at it. To make up for this, he persuaded the cardinal to give Mlle. de Gournay a pension. Before end-



ing this digression, it may be well to say something of the foundation of the French Academy, which, as has been said, was greatly due to Boisrobert.

Richelieu's purpose in founding the Academy is, as Mr. Besant says, tolerably clear.

It was not to purify or even foster literature. It was to bring literature within court influence; to counteract the dangers of the press; to establish a body of men, the ablest writers of their time, who should be bound by self-interest to support their existing order. More could not be expected of a minister who preferred his own comedies to those of Corneille; and as for the men who were the first Academicians, so long as they were respectable it was all he cared for. The real genius of the time was not in the Academy at all—it was at the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Mr. Besant might perhaps have made an exception in favor of Boisrobert, but otherwise what he says is obviously true. Hostile biographers of the great cardinal have compared him to Psaphos of Lybia, who taught a number of parrots to say, "Psaphos is a great god," and then letting them loose gained the honors of deity—the comparison being made on the ground that Richelieu enjoined every new member of the Academy to deliver a discourse in his praise. Another and more likely version of the story is that this piece of servility was invented by the Academicians, and that Richelieu struck it out of their rules. But it is time to return to La Rochelle, at which place we last left the cardinal.

Without going at length into the somewhat tedious quarrels and negotiations which preceded the final siege of La Rochelle, it may be said that in 1626 a peace was patched up between the king and the Huguenots—a peace which was no doubt approved, for whatever purpose, by Richelieu, although when the articles were signed he with Rochefoucauld was carefully absent from the council-chamber. It was a peace which had in it no stability, and possibly no one was less surprised than Richelieu when, on the Rochellois finding that the government forts were not, as they had expected, being destroyed, hostilities broke out again, and the people of La Rochelle invited the assistance of England. Buckingham, who was then almost as much the ruler of England as Richelieu was of France, was willing enough, whether or not for the reasons which have been spoken of, to give the demanded aid. But Buckingham was no more a match for Richelieu

than a peacock would be for an eagle. And Buckingham had no such right-hand man as the cardinal had in his familiar, Father Joseph, the Capuchin—commonly called his Grey Eminence, in reference to the grey frock of his order. The movements of the English fleet were badly managed from the beginning, and while the struggle was yet going on, Buckingham was assassinated by Felton. On hearing of this the cardinal offered terms, which were refused, to the besieged. A reinforcement of ships sent out from England was of no use, and finally the Rochellois were glad to make the best terms they could—terms which, though they were in a certain sense moderate, involved the certain destruction of the town held by the followers of the Reformed religion. The siege took place in 1628, and when it was successfully brought to an end in November, Richelieu said to the king, "I am not a prophet, but I assure your Majesty that in May you will have set matters right in Italy—in July you will have quelled the Huguenots of Languedoc—and in August you will have returned to Paris." All these predictions were fulfilled.

Triumphant at La Rochelle, the cardinal next gave his attention to assisting the Duke of Mantua against the Spaniards—a proceeding which gave great offence to the queen-mother.

During the war which ensued upon this, and which may be said to have been ended by the acquisition of Pignerol, the cardinal received the title which seems curiously inappropriate to a churchman, of *generalissimo*—a title which was invented for his special use to distinguish him from the marshals Créquy, Schomberg, and La Force, subject to his supreme command. It was at this time that his enemies said of him that he had left the king no power except the power of curing the king's evil. In this they were not far from the truth, but perhaps they would have been the first people to repent it if any despotic power had been left in the king's own hands. During the campaign, the cardinal in his character of *generalissimo* wore a military dress of brown embroidered with gold, a cuirass, and a feathered hat. He carried a sword and two pistols, and boasted of his skill in horsemanship.

After the affair of Pignerol came what was perhaps the most dangerous crisis in the cardinal's career. The king fell sick at Lyons and was immediately beset by the cardinal's enemies. The queen-

mother and the queen-consort entreated him, with all their power of entreaty, to cast off Richelieu and shake himself far from his influence, and the king actually promised that he would do so as soon as peace was declared in Italy. Marshal Marillac offered to kill Richelieu — Basompierre suggested that he should be imprisoned — Guise, that he should be exiled. The fates severally proposed by these men for the cardinal were afterwards meted out to each one of themselves.

For the time, however, victory seemed to be in their hands. The court left Lyons for Paris, the queen-mother exacted the fulfilment of the king's promise to have done with Richelieu as soon as peace was declared — and the king's falling on his knees to ask pardon for his minister did not shake her in her purpose. The superintendence of the queen-mother's household was taken out of Richelieu's hands; his favorite niece Madame de Combalet was sent away; and all the officers appointed under him were dismissed. Richelieu himself fell on his knees and wept, and the queen-mother, who said that he could command tears at will, observed to the king: "Sir, the wretch only wants to get your crown to give it to Soissons as soon as he has married his niece." Next day, wishing to make his way into the king's council-chamber, the cardinal found all the doors shut, and had to sneak in through a chapel door. Here again the queen-mother, who said to the king, "Do you prefer a lackey to your mother?" seemed to triumph. Richelieu made all his preparations for going away to Havre; but the queen-mother, who herself stayed at the Luxembourg, allowed the king to go for distraction to Versailles. The cardinal, informed of this by Saint-Simon, hurried after him, completely regained his ascendancy, and returned to triumph completely over his enemies. The day on which this happened — the 11th of November, 1630, was not inaptly christened the Day of the Dupes, and has gone by that name ever since.

Richelieu has been much abused for his treatment of the queen-mother in late years, and no doubt he did treat her badly. But if he was a great man, he was also very human in his passion, and it was surely not unnatural that he should cherish some resentment against a person who had done all that could be done to withdraw him and his policy, and had all but succeeded. Whether he thought

more of himself or of his great schemes for France in this resentment, may be left an open question.

Mr. Bridges has justly observed that Richelieu's dictatorship was occupied with a perpetual series of mischievous conspiracies and of treasonable negotiations. And scarcely had the cardinal reasserted his power and got rid of the queen-mother, who fled to the Netherlands, and of Gaston d'Orléans, who went to Spain, than he had to contend against a new conspiracy of the miserable Gaston's — miserable because he was never anything better than an instrument in the hands of men who had the qualities which he entirely lacked, bravery and steadfastness. It would indeed be difficult to invent a more wretched being in a high place than Gaston. He was always ready to abandon the friends who supported him, and urged him to such action as he could be made to take, in order to save his own skin; but he did one good action in his life. At his *levée* he missed a repeating watch, and it was proposed to search every one who was present. He replied, "On the contrary, all of you go out — it is near the hour and the watch might strike and betray its possessor." He may have been moved to this by thinking what he himself would have felt in a like case. The story recalls a passage in Corneille's play "*Le Menteur*," when the hero describing his imaginary adventures which led to his being concealed in a cupboard, is for a moment at a loss to account for his having been discovered, and suddenly thinking of an expedient, says, "All was going well — *lorsque ma montre sonna*."

In the conspiracy which has just been referred to, Montmorenci was the leader; and in consequence he was executed in October, 1632. Extraordinary influence was exercised to obtain a remission of his sentence. Jussai, captain of the guards, the Princess of Condé, the Duke of Epernon — all made personal appeals to the king. The people of Toulouse assembled round the house where the king was staying, and begged for mercy, and King Charles I. of England, the pope, and the Venetian republic used all their power of intercession. But the cardinal, true through all to his policy of breaking down the feudal power, and of crushing revolt with the sternest hand, was inflexible. And here it may be well to remember what has been said before as to the cheapness of human life in those days. Montmorenci was a man who had become pop-

ular by possessing and exercising many lovable qualities, and a man of great station and power. Therefore great efforts were made to save him at the time, and great hatred has been expressed by some writers of a later time for the cardinal's severity in his case. But suppose some one of the plots for the cardinal's assassination had succeeded? Would the writers who wax so furious over a State execution have had an equal amount of just wrath for a sneaking murder, which would only have differed from every-day murders of the time in having for its victim the greatest man of that time? It may be doubted whether the pity lavished on Montmorenci would have been given to Richelieu. And yet Montmorenci and all the great nobles of the age were to the full as despotic in disposition as Richelieu; they differed from him in being less wise. We may pass briefly over some other intrigues. There was an attempt a few years after the Montmorenci episode, to assassinate Richelieu at Corbie—an attempt which seems to have failed only through the extraordinary weakness of Gaston d'Orléans. On this occasion four people were ready to kill the cardinal. The opportunity was easy—the plan was well laid—the men were determined—nothing was wanting but decision on the part of Gaston. At the last moment, instead of giving the signal agreed upon for the cardinal's murder, Gaston, who had been in conversation with him, left him suddenly and rushed away. He seems to have been in a state of utter unreasoning panic, overpowered by the dignity and terror of the cardinal's presence. A more serious undertaking was a revolt headed by the Count De Soissons, and ended by his death in the very onset of battle. This death—caused by a pistol-shot in the middle of the forehead—is said by some to have been contrived by the cardinal, by others to have been caused by one of Soissons's followers, and by others again to have been a suicide.

This last theory is based upon the fact that twice before the battle began Soissons raised the vizor of his helmet with the muzzle of his loaded pistol, and was warned by his squire of the danger of doing so. If his death did occur in this way it is impossible to say whether it was a suicide resulting from despair, or an accident of gross carelessness. We may now pass to the rise and fall of Cinq-Mars.

Concerning this personage, M. Alfred de Vigny, as has been already suggested,

stretched the novelist's license to its utmost. Setting aside the fact that De Vigny brings Father Joseph in at the death of Cinq-Mars, whereas the politic Capuchin had been dead some time before, it remains that the poet has exalted into a hero of chivalry a man who certainly possessed courage and a certain power of fascination, but in whom it might be difficult to discover any other good qualities. According to Brienne, the conspiracy headed by Henri d'Effiat, Marquis of Cinq-Mars, grand equerry of France, and favorite of the king, was the most dangerous against which Richelieu ever had to contend. Cinq-Mars was in the first instance Richelieu's creature, and seems to have had little objection to acting to a considerable extent as his spy upon the king. But the king soon became extravagantly fond of him, and he himself began to entertain extravagantly ambitious views. When Cinq-Mars went to the siege of Arras, the king insisted on his writing to him twice a day, and is reported to have wept when his letters were delayed. The cardinal's first annoyance with Cinq-Mars seems to have arisen from the grand equerry's refusal to give him all the details of the king's conversations with him. The annoyance was naturally increased by Cinq-Mars's insolent pretension to be admitted to the State Councils—and equally naturally the spoilt favorite felt a strong resentment against his benefactor when he prevailed on the king to refuse him admission. Cinq-Mars, once embroiled with Richelieu, was gradually led on to form his famous or infamous conspiracy. According to a scandalous memoir-writer of the times, it was Fontrailles, who was much mixed up in the affair, that chiefly egged on the grand equerry against the cardinal—and that for a very curious reason. Fontrailles was ugly and hump-backed, and one day was at Ruel in the cardinal's anteroom awaiting the arrival of some ambassador; Richelieu passing through, observed him and said, "Keep in the background, Monsieur de Fontrailles: the ambassador who is coming has no taste for monsters." Fontrailles ground his teeth and said to himself, "Rascal—you have given me a stab, but I will return it to you with interest some day." Afterwards, the cardinal sent for him and joked with him, to make up for what he had said, but Fontrailles never forgave him, and perhaps from this thoughtless speech sprang a plot which went near to ruin the cardinal. This story may be

taken for what it is worth, which may be little enough — although the cardinal's reported brutal jest is quite in keeping with the manners of the time.

From whatever cause or causes, Cinq-Mars did set himself to work to make a plot, in which the traitorous and incompetent Gaston d'Orléans was again involved. M. de Bouillon, Gaston d'Orléans, Cinq-Mars, De Thou, and Fontrailles were the chief persons implicated in the conspiracy, a prominent detail of which was a traitorous treaty with Spain for an army to cover Sedan. The exact manner in which the conspirators' schemes were revealed can hardly be ascertained with certainty, but it seems probable that they were betrayed in a quarter where they least expected betrayal — by Olivarez. Accepting this theory, one can imagine the cardinal grimly chuckling over the information received from the man whom the conspirators believed to be engaged against him, and who put into his hands the means of completely crushing them.

On this matter of the grand equerry's conspiracy, Brienne has some interesting remarks.

To unravel this intrigue [he says] one must bear in mind certain things.

First, That Richelieu had made the king undertake a journey to Perpignan against the advice of the king's physician, and against the wish of the king, who was almost as ill as was his prime minister.

Secondly, That the king became acquainted with the cardinal's notion of making himself absolute master of the kingdom, under the spurious title of regent, if, as he hoped to do, he should outlive the king.

Thirdly, That the king was so tired of Richelieu's tyranny and so infatuated with Cinq-Mars, that he would have done anything to shake off the cardinal's yoke.

Fourthly, That he had openly spoken of this yoke as a tyranny to Cinq-Mars and others, that this had come to the ears of Richelieu, and that thereupon he had resolved on the destruction of the grand equerry.

What I say [continues Brienne] is matter of ascertained fact, but the king had not the strength of mind to carry out the plan he had proposed to himself.

Other accounts have it that at this time the king, so far from being infatuated with Cinq-Mars, had become completely weary of his arrogance and self-assertion, and with his usual weakness of mind had sought refuge from the chance of being turned from his opinions, in refusing the grand equerry admission to his room. In consonance with this account is the story that Cinq-Mars made his followers believe

that he was in close and confidential communication with the king, when he was really wearily kicking his heels in an ante-room. Brienne comments upon the unjust accusations of ingratitude heaped upon Cinq-Mars by everybody as soon as his project failed. The king himself was among his accusers. But, says Brienne, the people who accused him long before he was condemned by his judges, ought to have known the ill-treatment lavished on him by the cardinal, and to have reflected how difficult it was for a man in such a position to put up with contempt and insult. The greatest kindnesses may be forgotten when their recollection is invoked as a means of reproach. This is all very well, no doubt, but still the fact remains that Cinq-Mars did conspire not only against the founder of his fortunes, but practically against the king himself. No doubt if his attempt had been successful, very little would have been heard, at the time at any rate, of his ingratitude, but a man who plays a risky game for an empire, should remember that the appreciation of his motives is likely to vary with his success.

However these things may be, it did happen that the conspiracy was discovered, and that Cinq-Mars was arrested at Narbonne. Fontrailles, who escaped to England and lived happily for a long time afterwards, entreated the grand equerry to fly when he knew that the plot was revealed. Fontrailles' account of the conversation which these two men held on this occasion is preserved.

Would you believe [said Fontrailles, in recounting it long afterwards] that after I had exhausted a quantity of serious reasons I nearly persuaded him to fly by a poor joke. "As for you," I said, "you are so well made that a few inches less will make very little difference to you. I however, really cannot afford to lose my head." With this I left him, and he ran after me. "Go," he said, "by all means, but I cannot follow you. I should feel the shame of deserting my cause and flying before my enemy more than the pain of death. I shall keep my ground; the king will never summon resolution to condemn his favorite to the scaffold, and flight would make me seem more culpable than the treaty with Spain does." These were his very words.

The speech of Cinq-Mars would perhaps be more admirable and impressive without the last passage, which seems to explain his readiness to meet death by a firm conviction that death would not come to him. However, it is but fair to remember that when, in spite of his confidence

in the king's favor, death did come to him, he met it bravely. He went to the scaffold in gay attire, and preserved a firm and courteous bearing to the last moment. De Thou was executed at the same time.

Meanwhile illness had been gradually overpowering Richelieu's bodily strength, though his force of will and intellect remained untouched by it. At this period he was conveyed from place to place in a huge litter, fitted up so that he could live in it, and carried by relays of men. It happened sometimes that the gates of towns or of public buildings were too small to admit his travelling palace, and in these cases walls were pulled down to make way for it.

He received the news of the execution of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, and that of the taking of Perpignan at the same time, and wrote to the king, "Sire, your arms have triumphed at Perpignan, and your enemies are dead." Gaston and Bouillon, it may be observed—who were as much enemies as the other and lesser two—were alive and well.

The taking of Perpignan was a most important matter, and the possession of Sedan was perhaps not less important to France, especially as against the Spaniards, and altogether the affairs of the country were in a triumphant state when Richelieu returned to Paris. In Paris, by way of diverting himself from the care of affairs of State, he caused to be represented a ridiculous play called "Europe," of which more may be said in detail presently. But so far from relaxing, he continued to tighten his hold upon the king, and even went so far as to demand that his body-guards should hold the same rank as his sovereign's. He also proposed to the king to get rid of his captains of the guard—Tilladet, La Sale, Des Essarts, and Tréville—whose worst crime was that they had not been enemies of Cinq-Mars. On this matter the king made a pretence of opposing the cardinal, but, influenced probably by a feigned threat, employed not for the first time, of resignation, he ended by giving way. In 1642, the cardinal's illness grew upon him—he became more and more feeble, and after a temporary rally, due either to the potency of a quack medicine, or to his belief in its virtues joined to his extraordinary vital force, he died on the 4th of December, 1642. There was a serenity in his death which astonished the witnesses, of whom Mr. Bridges writes that their purblind eyes looked in vain for traces of a troubled conscience, of blood-stained

memories. They judged him by their own standard, and supposed that he would never have given himself the trouble to contend with traitors, except for the paltry ambition of supplanting them. They asked him if he forgave his enemies. The dying man's thoughts were far away in the future of Europe and of France. "I have had no enemies," he replied, "except the enemies of the State."

How far, if at all, he deceived himself in supposing that he had always had the good of the State at heart, students of character must judge for themselves. At any rate his last utterance compares favorably with what the king said when he heard of his prime minister's death—"There is a great politician dead," Louis XIII. coldly remarked.

Not content during his lifetime with his extraordinary political deeds, Richelieu had the weakness which many great men have had, of wishing to excel in everything. As has been seen, he flaunted his military prowess and his skill in horsemanship. According to scandalous chronicles of the time, he aimed at an equal eminence in affairs of gallantry, and he certainly desired to be considered a great writer. On one occasion being in company with Desmaret and Bautru, he said, "What do you suppose is my greatest pleasure?" "Striving for the happiness of France," said Desmaret. "Not at all," said the cardinal, "it is making verses." Besides various theological and moral works he composed plays: one of these, called "Mirame," was represented in the Palais-Cardinal—now the Palais-Royal. The queen, to whom it contained various insolent allusions, was present with the king. The Abbé Marolles, who was among the audience, comments upon the magnificent scenery exhibited, but observes "that people soon get tired of looking at such things, that the chief points of a play in his opinion are the writing and the acting, and that this piece was less successful than other pieces of the cardinal's, which had less scenery." Another abbé who was present states that Richelieu himself was so delighted with his own play that he could hardly sit still, and that he leant over the front of his box to show himself to the audience, and to hold up a warning finger at what he considered the finest passages. He was intensely jealous of the success of writers of the time, and his animosity against Corneille's "Cid" gave Boileau occasion to write the lines:

En vain contre le "Cid" un Ministre se ligue,  
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue,



which Isaac D'Israeli neatly turned into To oppose the "Cid" in vain the statesman tries,  
All Paris for Chimène has Roderick's eyes.

The cardinal's play of "Europe" appears to have been most extraordinary stuff. It was a political allegory, introducing the various countries and cities of Europe — thus Albion is England; three knots of the hair of Austrasia mean the towns of Clermont, Stenay, and Jamet; a box of diamonds belonging to Austrasia is the town of Nancy, while Perpignan is figured by the key of Ibère's gate. This wonderful stuff was sent anonymously to the Academy, who condemned it, upon which Richelieu tore it to pieces in a rage — but afterwards having spent a night in sticking it together again, with the assistance of his secretary, he pretended to correct it, and sent it back in his own name to the Academy, who this time had no choice but to approve it. The public, however, would have nothing to say to it, and when the cardinal returned to Ruel, he sent for his favorite, Desmaret, who was supping with his friend Petit. Fearing to encounter the cardinal alone in his disappointment, Desmaret took Petit with him. "Well," said the cardinal, "the French will never have a taste for what is lofty, they seem not to have relished my tragedy." "My lord," answered Petit, "it is not the fault of the piece, which is excellent, but of the actors. Did not your Eminence perceive that they not only did not know their parts, but that they were all drunk?" "Really," said the cardinal, somewhat relieved, "I did observe that they acted it dreadfully ill."

Desmaret and Petit went back to Paris, and procured a favorable hearing for the next performance, by the simple expedient of packing the house, a device not altogether unknown in these days.

Various anecdotes have been preserved, which do not tend to increase the great cardinal's dignity. One is that believing in the virtues of muscular exercise, he used, when he had been studying for a long time, to seek distraction by jumping about the room. Once he was caught in this employment by De Grammont, whose courtier's craft was equal to the occasion. "Does your Eminence call that jumping?" he said, "I can jump twice as far." Forthwith he set to work to jump against Richelieu, managing that the cardinal always beat him by an inch or two. It is recounted that in spite of his splendor, he had a vein of avarice. He went to

the sale of Créquy's pictures — picked out the best and never paid for it. M. Gilliers brought him three of his pictures to look at, at his request, and choosing one begged him to take it as a present. "I will take them all," said the cardinal, and did. The same chronicler who tells this story, recounts that the cardinal was so greedy of praise, that in a dedication to himself he struck out the word hero and inserted demigod.

Something has been said of his fondness for buffoonery. There was a certain M. Mulot, canon of the Sainte-Chapelle, who was in the habit of talking freely to the cardinal, and one day in joke reproached him with having revealed to him in confession that he was an atheist. Soon afterwards the cardinal secretly stuck some thorns under the saddle of Mulot's horse, so that when Mulot mounted, the horse reared and buck-jumped until the canon thought his neck would be broken. Meanwhile, the cardinal stood looking on and laughing violently. Mulot as soon as he could dismount, came up to him boiling with rage and saying, "You are a bad man." "Hush, hush," said the cardinal, "or I will have you hanged for revealing the secrets of the confessional."

The cardinal's scholarship was not always accurate: once coming upon the name Terentianus Maurus, that of a grammarian, he translated it the Maurus of Terence, thinking that the name indicated a play by Terence called "Maurus."

Richelieu, though on the whole overbearing to the king, could play the courtier skilfully enough when he liked. On one occasion, the king, after a discussion in which he had as usual been worsted, said to Richelieu as they left the palace, "Go first: it is you who are really the king of France." "If I go first," replied Richelieu, "it will be as the most humble of your servants," and taking a torch from one of the pages, he lighted the king out.

It has been said that every possible view of Richelieu's character has been taken. Of course it is very easy for a person who looks at only one side of his character, to say, either he was a very great man, or he was a very bad man, or he was a very patriotic man.

It seems to me that the best way to arrive at an estimate of him is, on the one hand, never to forget the conditions of the time in which he lived — on the other, not to give him credit for results of his policy, which without superhuman wisdom he could not have foreseen. Peo-

ple who would have "hailed the dawn of the French Revolution," may be led to admire Richelieu blindly, because he laid open the way to it; but surely nothing was further from his imaginings than such an event. Again he founded the French Academy, but he little thought to what it would grow. His deeds ought surely to be judged by themselves, with reference to the immediate situation and need of the hour, and to his general scheme of policy, but without consideration of the remote consequences which followed them.

His is indeed a character about which every one must have his own opinion. One thing perhaps might be said of him without fear of contradiction. Bacon begins one of his essays with the words, "An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or a garden." Probably no one will deny that Richelieu was a wise, a very wise creature for himself, but a shrewd thing in the orchard of France.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
HINDU HOUSEHOLDS.

THERE is perhaps no point of contrast, between the domestic life of England and that of the Hindus, more striking than the concentration of households amongst the latter. Father and sons, with the sons' wives and children, all congregate together under the one roof. That roof is enlarged to meet the enlarged requirements, but the establishment of separate homesteads appears to be opposed to national instincts, custom, and religion. But the enlargement is not always possible or convenient. The evils of overcrowding are plain, and yet they are submitted to, rather than cause a violation of custom, for custom and duty are convertible terms. When a Hindu can say of his opponent's argument, with truth, that it is a "new saying," or a "novel idea," it is looked upon as a crushing refutation.

None like to take upon themselves the responsibility of change, whatever the inconveniences experienced, none dare abruptly propose a separation. May we not in part account for the Hindu's dislike of travel by this feeling, the offspring of time-honored custom? He has yet to learn that some customs are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

I was talking to a *tehsildar*, or native collector of revenue in Oudh. He had recently been moved from Fyzabad to Utrowla, from the right to the left bank of the river Goomtee, one of the large tributaries of the Ganges. He had been compelled to leave the family homestead, and was inconsolable.

"What makes you so sad, Gunga Persand?" I asked him.

"Protector of the poor!" was his answer, "you are my father and my mother. The Commissioner Sahib transferred me from Fyzabad to Utrowla. I am sad because I have been obliged to leave my native land, and to dwell amongst strangers and foreigners."

"But you are still in Oudh," I suggested. "Fyzabad is not so far away. It is only at the other side of the river, and a little farther south."

"To me this is a different country, O lord of great might! and I am disconsolate."

"But look at us English, Babu," I urged. "We are ordered thousands of miles away from our homes, and we go without a murmur."

"It is true, mighty one," said Gunga Persand; "but you, Sahibs, drink English water (soda-water), and the strength of it enables you to bear up under all fatigues and sorrows."

His idea was that the effervescing force of the soda-water, which drove out the cork so violently, gave strength to the drinker of it. And I found on inquiry this idea was prevalent amongst both Hindus and Mohammedans.

In the town, or in the country, the senior of the family is the common father of all its members, and in this respect there has probably been little change for some thousands of years. No legal act is signed, no important business negotiated, no new connection formed, no family ceremony connected with birth, marriage, or death permitted, until the head of the family has been consulted in the first instance. Nor is this merely an idle ceremony. His voice is supreme, and all the members of the household so regard it. The head of the family looks for this attention on the part of all its members and, in well-constituted households, he regards their interests as his own. Of course there are instances of favoritism and neglect; undue affection for one and enmity to another are sometimes exhibited. Nay, there are instances of a stranger's interest and welfare being preferred to those of the members of the

household, but not commonly — nay, very rarely.

In a well-ordered household, several advantages arise from this system of domestic life. The interest of one is the interest of all. The relatives do not shrink from holding out a helping hand to the poor struggler, well-nigh overcome by the waves of adversity. Nor are complaints made if they are put to inconvenience thereby. They will sacrifice their own comfort, they will voluntarily retrench in their own expenditure, that the needy members of their household may not want. They feel a satisfaction in administering to the wants of their brethren, and this satisfaction is founded upon social and religious feelings of duty. There are such households, thousands of them, amongst the Hindus. I am not describing an ideal condition of things. But there are also many others in which strife and enmity reign supreme, and in addition to physical evils, the result of overcrowding, there are also envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. This sometimes results from the wiles of the female members of the household, who, quarrelling amongst themselves, endeavor to inveigle the male members of the family into their quarrels. When separation or litigation occurs between the members of the Hindu household, woman is generally at the bottom of it. "The younger sons, with their wives and families, shall be maintained by the eldest son if he inherits the estate of his deceased father," says Manu, and Gautama similarly, "Whether the eldest son take the whole or only his share, the younger sons and their families shall be maintained by him as their father." Rather hard this on the eldest son if he only gets a share of the paternal estate!

There have been instances of young men using all the weapons of the law against the head of their house, the patriarch of the homestead, and that unsuccessfully. Such men have been received again, penitent and repentant, with all the enthusiasm of the prodigal son's reception on his return. Such conduct is more than amiable, it is magnanimous; yet such conduct is to be met with frequently in the large towns and village communities of Bengal.

Another point, worthy of all commendation, is the impartiality with which rich and poor members of the community are invited to the festivities. Neighbors, living in the same village circle, are similarly treated, although no tie but a com-

mon residence in the same little republic binds them together. For, in truth, each village community is a little republic, with its own laws and regulations, its own municipal and departmental officers. The heads of the households form the local parliament. The headman, *lumberdar* or *malguzar*, is the president; the *kanoongo* is the justiciary; and the village *chowkedar*, or constable, is the representative of the police authorities.

When the property of the different families united in the homestead is separate and their table common, dissensions will sometimes occur relative to the share of expenditure to be paid by each. Some of the members may be in no condition to pay their quota. In such cases mutual forbearance is necessary. Nor is economy forgotten. Luxuries that can be dispensed with are discontinued, and frugality reigns till peace and harmony are re-established.

On the death of the head of one of these households without leaving a will, confusion worse confounded is too often the result. It is like an ant-hill whose stores have been pillaged, a beehive that has lost its queen-bee. There is much running to and fro; loud altercations mingle with wailings; every one is on the alert, and yet no one knows exactly what to do. The leaving behind of a formal will is of importance to all households wherever they are, in America, in Europe, or in Asia. But in the Hindu family homestead it is of double importance; without it altercation, litigation, and often ruin. A household of this kind ought to be as a fortress, and its inmates always armed against external aggression. But this cannot be the case when dissensions arise, the result of the disputes as to property, or of the confusion incident on the death of the senior without a will.

In the daily distribution of food the younger members of a family are helped first, and the mistress of the household seldom attends to other matters until this important portion of the day's duty is complete. On occasions of festivity the male head of the household and its mistress are enjoined, both by social law and practice, to fast till the last guest has been served. Even then the mistress will not take her meal until her husband has finished eating; but this is a practice of self-denial familiar to the female members of Hindu households. Festival days are very numerous in India, and well-constituted families pride themselves

on a rigid attention to punctilious observances during such times.

The mistress of the family is usually content with the food left by the male members of the household. It is unusual for any particular food to be prepared for her, especially when in good health. The thought of her being the head of the household is supposed to be sufficient to make her despise all deprivations. She does not seek personal comfort. She would have all the members of the household live happily and contentedly together. Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, domestics and slaves, are treated alike with consideration by the intelligent and devoted head of the family.

There is a certain simplicity in the domestic life of the well-regulated Hindu household that is very charming. For instance, at a feast or festival, all the members of the household consider themselves bound in honor to attend chiefly to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. They never think of their own wants in comparison. It is only when the guests have been abundantly supplied and attended to that they think of themselves. Amongst the higher castes the food consists chiefly of wheat and maize, flour, grain, pulse, clarified butter or ghee, milk, and sweets. Fish and meats, particularly mutton and fowls, are not objected to by the lower castes if they can procure them, but beef is an abomination as coming from a sacred animal, and pork is abhorred as vile, and as containing the germs of disease. Only outcast Hindus partake of these last.

Like the Buddhists, the higher castes of Hindus reverence the sanctity of life. They are warned by their religious writings against shedding of blood, against the infliction of pain, against the taking of life. They hold every living animal as sacred as a human being; in Bengal, however, fish is very generally used as an article of diet by all classes, in contradiction to their religious tenets. Nor does this abstinence from animal food impair the physical strength or warlike vigor of the best classes of upper India. The Mahratta cavalry have been praised for endurance and courage by all our writers, and the Gurkas and Tilingas are admitted to make first-rate soldiers — wiry, obedient to discipline, ready to endure fatigue and hardship, and by no means deficient in energy or courage.

The household expenses are usually defrayed by the senior member or head of the family, who is supplied with funds

by all the residents in the household possessed of separate incomes. It is not unusual for any interference to be caused by the other members as to the details of the daily expenditure, nor is any attempt usually made to apportion those expenses ratably. The whole is done in a spirit of mutual conciliation and family affection; nor are quarrels as to the nature of the provisions supplied matters of frequent occurrence. Living under the same roof and partaking of the same food constitute the chief ingredients of domestic concord and amity amongst the Hindus. Their system of caste renders the family circle much more exclusive than in Europe, and prevents much of that indiscriminate entertainment in which some European households apparently find their principal happiness.

In many respects the Hindu life resembles that of ancient Greece. In both we find the same reverence for the family homestead, the same comparative freedom of women in the management of the households, and the same embodiment of mythological legends in the ancient history of the country. "The divine myths, the matter of their religion," says the great historian of Greece, "constituted also the matter of their earliest history. These myths harmonized with each other only in their general types, but differed invariably in respect of particular incidents. These divine myths served as primitive matter of history to the early Greek, and they were the only narratives, at once publicly accredited and interesting, which he possessed."\* All this is equally true of the Hindu. And, again, "The family relations, as we might expect, are set forth, in our pictures of the legendary world of Greece, as the grand sources of lasting union and devoted attachment. The paternal authority is highly revered; the son who lives to years of maturity repays by affection to his parents the charge of his maintenance in infancy, which the language denotes by a single word, whilst, on the other hand, the Erinnys, whose avenging hand is put in motion by the curse of a father or mother, is an object of deep dread." "Not only brothers, but also cousins and the more distant blood relations and clansmen, appeared connected together by a strong feeling of attachment, sharing amongst them universally the obligation of mutual self-defence and revenge in the event of injury to any individual of the race."†

\* Grote's History of Greece, vol. i., pp. 45, 46.

† Ibid., vol. i., p. 475.

All this is as descriptive of the Hindu household as of the ancient Greek. In culture and civilization the Bengalis are the Athenians of India. In one respect they are beginning to differ materially from the Athenians. They have no national costume. In ancient times doubtless the Hindus bedecked their clothing gorgeously with precious stones, pearls, laces, and embroidery. The turban and the robe were elaborately ornamented. But the Mohammedans put a stop to that. Their rapacity made the Hindus affect a simplicity in attire foreign to their habits and nature. That simplicity has now become a habit, and habit is religion.

Among the middle class a plain *dhuti* and *chudder* have been long in fashion, the *dhuti* wrapped round the loins and between the legs, with one tail pendent behind and two in front. A gown or outer robe, or *chudder*, hid the *dhuti* from view; but the *chudder* is now almost exclusively worn by the female sex and the orthodox Hindus. In the Hindu college of old the appearance of the students with their white muslin robes always reminded me of the students of Athens as described by Gaius and Polybius.

The want of a national dress is fatal to the picturesque in Bengali assemblies. In such a climate the very poor cannot be expected to put on clothes for ornament. They wear as little as possible. But, of the upper classes, the habiliments are various and wonderfully made. The turban is usually shunned as being inconveniently hot. An English hat, an Egyptian fez, a cap of nondescript parentage, velvet, or cloth, or silk, or muslin, takes the place of the good old turban. The orthodox Hindus are very severe on the vagaries in dress of the modern Bengali. "Scan him from top to toe," writes K—— in the *Indian Mirror*, and you will see a mixture of Moghul, Burmese, Chinese, Jew, and Turk; "the modern European might have been added — for some of the worst features of our dress young Bengal patronizes. "Not to be outbid in fashion, collars, neckties, and coats have lately come into vogue. In those that have the modesty not wholly to despise their national costume, you may see a frock or jacket peeping out from underneath the *dhuti* and *chudder*." "It is an outrage on decency and good manners," observes K—— indignantly, "when young men in these mongrel gala dresses obtrude themselves upon their elders and their betters." And again, waxing wroth, he exclaims indignantly, "The modern Hindu of lower

Bengal is a hybrid mixture, referable to no recognized standard. The best skill of the tailor makes him at best a harlequin on the stage, or Jacko perched on a goat in martial attire — a curious mixture of odds and ends." This is very severe, but it can do nobody any harm, and it is amusing as an instance of the orthodox Hindu's indignation at the novelties and frivolities of young Bengal.

The direct charity of Hindu householders is too often indiscriminate. But it is in accordance with habits long cherished, and with the precepts of religion. The late Babu Mutty Lall Seal established an *attitshala*, or almshouse, not far from Calcutta, on the Barrackpore road, where from four to five hundred travellers are daily fed. He used to seat himself in the verandah of his home there, and watch the poor being fed. In his later days this constituted one of his principal pleasures. He was a man of great wealth, a friend of Europeans, and yet a man of the simplest tastes. On one particular Sunday, while seated with some friends near the avenue where the poor were being fed, he observed one of them most greedily devouring the food, utterly unmindful of all that was passing around. The benefactor earnestly watched the progress of the poor hungry man's meal, as he feasted on the rice and curry gratuitously bestowed on him. When that was concluded the Babu asked him whether he had been in want of food. "I left Barrackpore for Calcutta yesterday morning," said he, "and have had no food for forty-eight hours. I am feeble and lame and travel slowly." The benevolent Babu could hardly restrain his tears as he remarked to his friends around him that he was amply compensated for all that his charity cost him by that one case. Nor did the poor wayfarer leave without substantial marks of the benevolent rich man's favor.

On another occasion Babu Mutty Lall Seal was told by a neighbor, that before he began to distribute his charity the poor could hardly get two meals a day, but since the opening of his almshouse they were able to purchase ornaments from their savings. Here was the effect of that very indiscriminate charity so much decried in Europe, and not without reason. "I gain a double object by my charity," was the benevolent Babu's reply. "I not only feed them now, but contribute to their support in the future." The ornaments are often the only savings-bank known to the people of India. Direct charity is more practised and appre-



ciated by the Hindus, notwithstanding the abuses that often flow from it, in consequence of the pleasure experienced in witnessing the happiness conferred before their eyes. The pleasure is immediate and considerable, whilst the evil effects are remote, hidden, and uncertain. There is scarcely a *thakur bari*, or shrine, an *attishala*, or almshouse, where paupers are not seen daily in numbers being supplied with cooked food, and such religious and charitable endowments are scattered plentifully over the land. Feeding the poor seems to constitute one of the principal means of worshipping the gods.

Of Western scholars who have studied the ancient literature and religion of the Hindus, few have been more successful than Professor Max Müller. In his Hibbert Lectures he gives us the following account of the Hindu family. "There are still Brahmanic families in which the son learns by heart the ancient hymns, and the father performs day by day his sacred duties and sacrifices; whilst the grandfather, even though remaining in the village, looks upon all ceremonies and sacrifices as vanity, sees even in the Vedic gods nothing but names of what he knows to be beyond all names, and seeks rest in the highest knowledge only, which has become to him the highest religion, viz., the so-called Vedanta, the end and fulfilment of the whole Veda. The three generations have learned to live together in peace. The grandfather, though more enlightened, does not look down with contempt on his son or grandson, least of all does he suspect them of hypocrisy. He knows that the time of their deliverance will come, and he does not wish that they should anticipate it. Nor does the son, though bound fast by the formulas of his faith, and strictly performing the minutest rules of the old ritual, speak unkindly of his father. He knows he has passed through the narrower path, and he does not grudge him his freedom and the wider horizon of his views."

There may be something ideal and theoretical in this sketch of the Hindu household, but it is that which a study of the sacred books would lead us to anticipate. Certainly in old age the practice of charity is held to be far superior to the outward observances of sacrifice and ritualism. It is at the period of the Doorgah Poojah that this practice of charity is seen in its fullest play in Bengal. Men, women, and children, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the proud

Brahman and the despised Chandul, all welcome the approach of this festival with the greatest delight. The husbandman lays aside his plough, the merchant his account-books, the artisan his tools, the landed proprietor his agricultural cares. All partake of the general mirth.

The goddess Doorgah is the female principle by whose influence the universe was created. She is the wife of the somewhat dissolute Shiva, and is said in olden times to have destroyed a giant called Mohesa, who had been a persecutor of the gods, as well as of men. Possessed of ten arms, which grasp different kinds of weapons, the goddess supports her right leg on a lion, and her left on the shoulder of a giant whom she has conquered — Mohesa, perhaps — and into whose heart a serpent from one of her arms strikes its deadly fangs. Over her head is a painted arch on which are exhibited her numerous attendants in the battle-field, and the carnage caused by the depredations of the giant. On her two sides stand, in graceful positions, her two daughters, the goddess of prosperity and the goddess of wisdom, whilst close to them are placed Ganesha and Kartica, Ganesha with a head like that of an elephant, and the fair Kartica riding on a peacock.

The worship of Doorgah lasts three days. The image is usually made of straw and clay, decorated profusely. On the fourth day it is thrown into some sacred river or lake. The preparatory rites and ceremonies in the household are numerous — ablutions, prayers, preparation of particular kinds of bread, and ritual observances. Then on the first great day of the feast the image is supposed to be animated with the spirit of Doorgah, and to that spirit the religious adorations are rendered. Not the goddess only, but her attendants also, to the right and left, all receive their share of homage and worship. On the second day the whole household attends the bathing of the image, which is done with great solemnity and devotion. The widows fast altogether on this day, in the hope of getting peculiar blessings from Doorgah, and freeing themselves from the stain of earthly desire. On the third day sacrifices and rejoicings are celebrated with loud and noisy demonstration. Kids, sheep, and buffaloes are the animals sacrificed, according to the means of the households. The Brahmans are daily feasted with sweetmeats, fruits, and curds. And doubtless much of the benefit to be derived from the celebration de-

pends upon the way in which the Brahmins are treated.

The fourth and concluding day of the feast is the most important. Sacrifices are again offered, and after going through a round of religious adorations, the officiating priest dismisses the goddess and implores her to return next year. The dismissing ceremony being complete, the females of the household pour out their lamentations at the near prospect of the departure of so beneficent a deity. The goddess is then presented with gifts, and the dust of her feet is rubbed on the foreheads of her votaries.

Nothing now remains but to consign the image, from which the divine spirit is supposed to have departed, to the waters. Borne on the shoulders of stout porters, the idol is paraded through the streets with great pomp. The neighborhood resounds with music and singing. The acclamations of the worshippers are heard above the din. At length arrived at the water, the image with all its trappings and tinsel ornaments, is cast into the waters, the poor subsequently vying with one another in rifling the goddess of her decorations. On returning from the immersion the priest sprinkles the votaries with holy water, and offers them his benedictions. They embrace each other with enthusiasm, and usually wind up the festivities with draughts of a solution of hemp leaves, which produces a slight intoxication. Sweatmeats are liberally distributed at the same time. What the feast of Purim was to the Jews, what the Beiram is to the Mahommedans after their long annual fast, what the Christmas festivities are to the Christians, that the annual worship of Doorgah is to the households of Bengal. There is hardly a Hindu family in the country which does not provide new clothes for the festival. For months before, all classes are eager to lay by something for the great ceremonial, tradesmen, merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, and the agricultural population, differing as they may in other respects, agreeing in this.

W. KNIGHTON.

#### MY POOR LITTLE KITE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

THE manager was getting up my Christmas fairy piece, the "King of the Elves,"

and all the parts had been distributed excepting that of the Kite, in the great tableau of the birds.

I wanted some very small woman for that part, with an aquiline profile, large, bright, dark eyes, and a small, active, slender figure.

Just before the first rehearsal the manager took me by the shoulder, and said, as he walked me up and down the stage, —

"I think I know a Kite for you, — a poor little girl who came here a month ago to seek for an engagement, but I would not give it her, she seemed too thin and frail. She has splendid eyes, a long nose with a hook in it, a very pleasant voice, and brown hair. She had pretty feet, too. Galibert (the man of business) took her address in case anything should turn up for her. Go and see her after rehearsal, and if she will do, I will engage her for one year."

As the actors were not ready to begin their parts, I went straight into Galibert's office, and got him to give me the name and address of the poor girl, and full powers to treat with her. I might go as high, he said, as fifty francs a month (\$10)!

Snow was falling softly in large flakes, which melted into mud upon the *pavé*; the damp snow-cold penetrated to my very bones. I took a carriage, and drove to Rue Monsieur le Prince. Mademoiselle Eva lived in one of those old-fashioned hotels that are now chiefly inhabited by young men, in the Students' Quarter.

I pushed at a little half-door, which tinkled a bell as it opened, and I entered a dark wide passage, with one of those handsome old staircases with carved wooden banisters before me, such as were common in great houses in former days. While I was looking about me for the porter's lodge, a glass door opened on the passage, and a waiter appeared from what seemed a drinking-place or coffee-room, from the number of dirty glasses.

"*Que demande monsieur ?*" he said.

"Mademoiselle Eva."

"She is at home: fourth story to the left." Afterwards I found out that the master of the house kept a *café*, which occupied all the lower floor, and that he and his waiter fulfilled the functions of *conciërge* between them.

The staircase was lighted at every landing-place by a miserable bull's eye of thick glass, near which was a sort of sink

to carry off the dirty water of the various families.

I found Miss Eva's room at last, and gave two little raps upon the door.

"Come in," said a voice, after a moment's hesitation.

The key, which must have weighed at least half a pound, was in the lock outside.

I did as I was bid, and at first saw nothing but the lilac folds of some bed-curtains, and then between the pillow and the quilt, two great eyes shining like great black onyxes; the very thing I wanted for my Kite.

Mademoiselle Eva, a little discomposed at seeing me, asked me rather fiercely who I was, and what I came for.

I replied I was the author of a Christmas pantomime now under rehearsal, and that I came to see about her being engaged to perform in it.

At the words "engaged" and "perform in it" she seemed struck by a spark of electricity. She rose upon her elbow, and putting one arm out of bed she stretched a very white thin hand towards an armchair placed on one side of the fireplace, and begged me graciously to sit down.

The armchair was already occupied by a black silk dress, a velvet coat, a belt and buckle, two petticoats, a crinoline, and a pair of gaiter boots. She directed me to throw all that rubbish on the bed. I did so, and sat down at a respectful distance.

"Excuse me, sir, for receiving you in this confusion," she said, looking ashamed. "I came home late last night, and I feel so badly this morning that I have not had courage to rise to-day. The waiter came up to ask if he should light my fire, and I am sorry now I sent him away. It must be very cold in this room. I only took it for a month. I am thinking of going to live with a young lady in the Rue de Chaussée d'Antin. So, monsieur, you have come to offer me an engagement?"

While she was speaking, I was looking at her attentively.

The splendid eyes the manager had told me of were of that tawny brown, which may be seen in the portraits of the fair Venetian ladies painted by Titian.

She had a way of looking sideways at you, with a long, fixed gaze, which gave her eyes a strange, far-away expression. Her nose was long, and a little Jewish, but it was beautifully chiselled. Her mouth was small, and heart-shaped, so

was the oval of her face, and she smiled every time her lips were parted. Her hair, abundant and rich brown, fell in silky waves over her shoulders. Her skin was fine and transparent, and slightly olive.

As I looked at her, without answering her question, she repeated it, anxious to know the nature of the engagement about which I had appeared in the character of ambassador.

I told her briefly about my difficulties as to the part of the Kite, and after having dwelt at large upon all she might make of the part, if she grew interested in it, I went on to demonstrate what an advantage it might be to her to be engaged by the theatre I represented, at a salary of \$200 a year.

I never should have dared to say fifty francs a month, and I knew I should have sneaked out of her chamber like a thief, if she had asked me to divide two hundred dollars by the days of the year.

But she was very disinterested, poor thing. She loved art for art's sake, rather than for lucre. With a sudden toss of her head she flung back her thick tresses, and began to clap her hands with a child's delight.

"Dear monsieur," she said at length, in soft and coaxing tones, "since I am really to take my place as an artist, a real artist, this time, let me do by you as I would if you came to pay me a visit in my dressing-room at the theatre. Put a match to the fire which is ready to be lighted on the hearth, and go and look out of the window. It will only take me three minutes to put on my dress and slippers."

So saying, she let down the lilac curtains round her bed, and I heard a rustling of the silk petticoat behind the drapery.

I was enchanted at the interest she seemed disposed to take in her new part, and very curious to see my little Kite upon her feet before me. I found matches on the chimney-piece, between a *résille* of blue velvet and a volume of Alfred de Musset, which was doing duty as a stand for an instrument of cedar and ivory, very like a little Breton *biniau*,—in fact a stethoscope.

"My little actress has some sort of a medical friend," thought I, as I did my best to set light to her wood fire.

The fire being lighted, I went and looked out of the window, over the old tiled roofs of the old Latin Quarter, glittering as if new varnished in the drip and thaw.

Close up to the window-pane, upon the leaden sink, whose cover folded down on the slope of the roof, sat a sparrow, with his feathers ruffled up around his throat, shaking with cold. When he saw me he turned his head over his left wing, and looking at me with his little bead-black eye, he began an ascending scale of *kui, kui, rui, kuic, ruiic, ruuuuic!*

"Just hear him!" cried Mademoiselle Eva, from the other end of the large room. "That is Jolicœur, my friend and pensioner. We breakfast together — when I care for any breakfast. I will let him in a moment."

"He seems in a hurry."

"Then open the window a crack. He will come in."

It seemed to me that this house wherein people walked straight into other people's rooms, and sparrows pecked for crumbs at the windows, must be a sort of Temple of Mutual Confidence all round. I let in Jolicœur, who after fluttering to the ceiling, perched on the curtains of the bed, chirping an angry note with a velocity that betokened great displeasure.

At last Mademoiselle Eva made her appearance with a bound from her bed on to the floor; an entrance to music too, for as her feet touched the glazed tiles, an invisible piano played over our heads a Hungarian march, with remarkable execution.

My Kite was even smaller than I had supposed, but her head was very beautiful. She made me a low curtsy, and held out her hand. We seated ourselves with all ceremony before the fire, she in the armchair, I on a chair without any back to it, the only other seat in the room.

"What time is it?" she asked, glancing at the window, through which less light now came into the room than from the blaze in the chimney.

"Four o'clock."

"Ah! now I understand the indignation of Jolicœur. But he will have to wait till dinner time," she added, pushing back with her little foot some smoking brands which had fallen from the andirons.

I looked up at the ceiling for the sparrow. She gave me an arch look, and smiled, saying, —

"Guess where he is."

A queer little throb at that moment at her breast revealed that selfish Jolicœur was drying his wet wings where the *soubrette* on the stage hides *billets-doux*, and so on.

It would have been a great occasion for

a gallant of the old school to improvise something about "a nest of satin." But that sort of thing not being in my line, I made no remark upon it. The piano was still going overhead, and I said to Mademoiselle Eva, pointing to the little cedar stethoscope, —

"You have all kinds of music here, I see."

"That is not a trumpet," she answered, "it is something doctors use to listen how the heart beats. It belongs to my neighbor, M. Garnier, who left it behind him the last time he came up to examine me. He is at present a hospital student at the Charité, and has only one more examination to pass before he gets his diploma. He is an excellent fellow, and very good to me."

"Are you sick?" I asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Oh, nothing that will hinder me from being punctual about my part," she added quickly; and a faint color tinged her face, for she spoke eagerly. "Some days I feel a good deal of pain high up in my chest. It seems as if my heart were coming up into my throat. It beats so loud at such times that it seems like water dripping, drop by drop, when I lay my head upon my pillow. M. Garnier does not give me any medicine. He only recommends me not to dance, not to walk far, and to be as quiet and careful as a little plaster image."

"Do you follow his advice?"

She stooped down, looked at the fire with the saddest smile, and answered softly, —

"When I can. It's the old story of old wine and chicken prescribed for poor folks who have hard work to buy bread."

I could make no reply. Even if she were engaged at our theatre, what could she save, poor girl, for comforts, out of a salary of thirty-two sous a day?

For a moment I thought she was going to tell me her own story, and I dreaded lest the truth should spoil the little romance I was just weaving around her. I did not suppose her the orphan daughter of some military officer of renown, but I was sure those glorious eyes, those high-bred hands and feet came from no peasant origin.

She merely told me, however, that she was not a Jewess, as I had at first supposed, that her mother lived near Tours, and that she had already acted at the *Délassements Comiques* and at the *Luxembourg*.

It was Saturday, and I told her she

might come and sign her engagement at the theatre the following Monday, and I rose to take my leave.

During our conversation the music on the piano had never ceased, and the artist, who had been playing with great brilliancy, was now executing a soft, beautiful, plaintive air which I had never heard before.

Seeing that I paused for the pleasure of hearing the musician, she said, pointing to the ceiling, —

"It is the Long Green Serpent, in other words my friend Nabal, who is really a Jew. Everything he plays is his own composition. He is a great artist — one of those who have nothing to eat three days out of five."

I remembered having seen a ladder and a trap door leading to a loft, as I stood at the door of Mademoiselle Eva.

"How could he have got a piano through the hole that leads up to his room!" I said, puzzled by that problem in geometry.

"The body of the instrument was got in through the garret window. All the important parts had been taken out, and Nabal put them together again afterwards. A music-dealer for whom he works lent it to him. Up to a month ago he gave a few music lessons, but now he has neither fit linen nor shoes. He seldom comes down-stairs until dusk, or very early in the morning. The master of the house gives him that garret gratis on condition that he gives music lessons to his little girl. Nabal's compositions are played at nearly all the café's concerts, but there is another name printed to them. There! It is quite a story."

The poverty of Eva's room must have been opulence, compared to the state of things in the garret above. It took me all aback, as sailors say, to think of such privations.

"Why," said I, "do you call him the Long Green Serpent, poor fellow?"

"The medical students who frequent the café below call him that, because he can drink down glass after glass of absinthe and water in a stream, when he is striving after some new composition."

Somebody knocked at the door as she finished these words.

"Come in," she said.

A pale face, bearing marks of dissipation, with long, black, shiny hair shading the cheeks, was thrust through a crack of the door into the room.

"Come in, Nabal," she said rising, and going towards him.

"Excuse me for troubling you, Mademoiselle Eva," said the Long Green Serpent, giving me a side glance at once timid and mistrustful. "I want you to let me write a few words on this piece of music."

She took a pen and inkstand from a drawer, and began to push the armchair to the table; but he declined decidedly to sit down, and kneeling at the table wrote a dedication at the top of a lithographed title-page.

"Nabal," said Mademoiselle Eva, when he rose, "it would be very kind if you would get my key at the office this evening, and light my fire. I shall not be in before ten o'clock, but I should like my room to be warm and comfortable when I come home."

He made a sign, which meant both farewell and assent, and went out, closing the door behind him.

While he was writing on his knees, my eyes were riveted upon his shoulder-blades, which stuck out under the white seams of his coat like the stumps of wings, and made me think of those skeletons in every-day costume in Holbein's "Dance of Death." I had not ventured to examine the features of his face, before he withdrew, looking at me till he closed the door.

In Dante's hell, had there been a pit of poverty, the Long Green Serpent might have held first place, so bony of limb, so harsh of voice, so shabby, so ashamed.

"I ask him to light my fire, that he may get a little warm before he goes to bed," said Mademoiselle Eva in a confidential tone. "If he gets warm he does not drink so much absinthe, poor fellow."

Her face as she said this had such an angelic expression, that I should have liked to kiss her on both cheeks, like one of my country cousins.

I took her by both hands, which she gave me with some surprise and some reluctance, and I said, —

"*Au revoir*, Mademoiselle Eva. I shall never play the part of lover to you, because, well, for various reasons; but I will try to be as useful to you as possible at the theatre, and to put you in the way of carrying out the prescription of your doctor."

She looked up at me with wide-open brown eyes, and said, —

"How strange! Nabal and Garnier both talk to me as you do. Ah! you are just as kind and good as they. Nobody speaks to me as men do to other women. They treat me like their little brother in



this place; only smaller, weaker than they."

Mademoiselle Eva had been a week rehearsing. She was so intelligent and winning in her part that there was some talk of changing it, and of giving her that of the leading fairy of the piece.

At the fourth rehearsal the manager doubled her salary, and stipulated that if she broke her engagement she should pay a forfeit of five thousand francs. He foresaw in her a star, and was guarding himself against losing her.

One evening I was passing along the Rue Monsieur le Prince about ten o'clock in the evening, when I saw a light in the fourth story, in Mademoiselle Eva's room.

I had in my pocket two or three suggestions for her part, so I went up, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

Mademoiselle Eva had not come home, but I found the Long Serpent on his knees before the hearth, blowing away at a handful of kindling which smoked, without giving promise of a blaze.

He was so absorbed in his task that he did not hear me enter.

When he perceived that I was there, he jumped up quickly, and said in a tone of apology, —

"Mademoiselle Eva has not much money to spend, so you see it is not worth while to let her fire burn to waste. I only light it just before she is likely to be at home."

Oh, the charities in the charity of the very poor! What beauty in the generous impulse that shades the eyes with one hand, while the other does a kindness!

In my heart I vowed to seek and to find means to repay Nabal a hundredfold the price of the wood he had economized for Eva.

I was much tempted — I hardly knew why — to ask him some questions about her; but before I could begin, I suppose he divined my thoughts, for a sad, sad look came over his face, and he bade me good-night in an abrupt way, which showed he did not mean to be questioned.

I stopped him, however, as he left the room, and said, as I gave him some scraps of paper, —

"My dear M. Nabal, as I have not had the honor of finding Mademoiselle Eva, will you give her these alterations in her part, which I have been making since the rehearsal?"

He recovered himself at once, and as

the light of the candle, by which he showed me the way down the dark staircase, shone upon his face, I guessed the thoughts that troubled him.

"So!" I exclaimed, when I found myself in the street, "the Long Green Serpent keeps a watch over my little Kite, and would not have me prove a lover." And I walked on humming to myself an air sung by the dwarf in Victor Hugo's story: —

Noble lame,  
Vil fourreau;  
Dans mon âme  
Je suis beau.

Next day my Kite was not at the rehearsal, and that evening I got a letter from M. Garnier (the student at La Charité), telling me that Mademoiselle Eva, who had been suffering several months from heart-disease (aneurism of the aorta), had just had so severe an attack that Dr. N——, who had been called in to examine her, considered her recovery impossible. He begged me to come as soon as I could and see the poor girl, who was very unhappy; and he requested me to stop and speak to him before I went up to her. His room was on the third story, just below that of Mademoiselle Eva.

This news so discomposed me that I could not sleep all night.

Next day at ten o'clock I walked into the apartment of M. Garnier.

Two of his friends, students like himself, lay stretched out on a lounge, puffing great clouds of smoke up to the ceiling.

M. Garnier explained to me so mathematically and scientifically the illness of his young neighbor, that I perceived he was counter-signing the death-warrant of Dr. N——.

While he was speaking the youngest of the students listened to him with half-closed eyes, and when he had finished took up the subject medically, in his turn.

Aneurism in the extremities, he said, could be cured by injecting some medical preparation. Why the devil couldn't the same thing be done in a case like this? "I'd do it!" he cried, rising in his enthusiasm, "I'd attempt the operation — and I'd put it through!"

With two words Garnier snubbed his presumptuous associate, and sent him back to his pipe and glass.

To Garnier my Kite had evidently repeated all that I had said about our Platonic relations, and he looked upon me as

her friend, and as his comrade. He went on to speak of her situation among them.

"We all knew she had not long to live. She was like a ghost, here to-day and gone to-morrow. All we could do was to be good to her while she remained among us."

This terrible knowledge had been the poor child's safeguard.

"She is wild about the theatre," continued this good fellow, "and the idea that you may give her part to somebody else makes her miserable. That is why I wanted to say a word to you before you saw her. You must deceive her. Tell her you will wait till she is better; let her indulge the hope of being the Kite in your pantomime a little longer. She will never go down-stairs again, she will never see the placards in the streets, poor girl! And I'll tell every one who sees her not to tell her. That will make her die happy. Come up and speak to her. It's the poor Serpent who will break his heart," he added, as we went up the stairs.

When we entered the sick-room the patient was asleep, and the curtains were close drawn around her bed.

Nabal was fixing and dusting the mantelpiece. The cleanliness and neatness of the poor furniture was like that of a Dutch interior.

On a little perch, fixed over the glass, Jolicœur was pluming his feathers.

While M. Garnier listened to her breathing through the closed curtains, I went up to Nabal, and whispered, as I gave him a purse I had brought with me, —

"Mademoiselle Eva's new manager does not wish she should want for anything while she is ill. Here are three hundred francs he asked me to bring her."

"And," I added, pressing his hand, "don't try to be economical again about her firewood."

He took the money, stammered out something like thanks, and put it away in an old walnut cupboard, that was completely empty.

A colored lithograph, hanging up beside the glass, gave me the idea of something that might please and surprise the poor girl on her awaking.

I told M. Garnier and Nabal that I was going back to the theatre, and that I would return in about two hours. Then I departed, walking on tiptoe.

A friend of mine, who was a painter, had made some charming water-color sketches of all the costumes of my elves, and the Kite's was one of the prettiest in

the whole collection. I knew it was in the hands of the property-man at the theatre.

I thought I would carry Eva this water-color drawing of herself, which might soothe her, as a sick child might be soothed by a new doll. Had not Garnier implored me to divert her thoughts, with something from that world of spangles and gilt paper which she so dearly loved?

When I came back with my sketch, mounted on a sheet of bristol-board, Mademoiselle Eva was awake, and taking a cup of *bouillon*. Her lips looked livid, and her eyes bigger than ever.

My inspiration had been a happy one. The sight of her costume as the Kite made her radiantly happy. She called her friend the Long Green Serpent to her side, and said, holding out the sketch to him, "Look, Nabal, how I shall be dressed in the tableau of the birds!"

Then, snatching it back almost before he held it in his hands, she began to read aloud the manuscript directions: —

"Headdress of plumes falling down the back, corsage of light brown velvet, very much cut away over the bust, and forming a V., overskirt much longer behind than before, paniers shaped to look like two wings crossing behind at their extremities. Under-petticoat of creamy white satin, coming to the knees, striped with broad lateral bands, and sprinkled with light brown dots. Stocking-net of pale yellow silk, with boots of yellow satin to match, steel heels and spurs, with double tufts marked out along the foot, to indicate the claws of a bird of prey."

These boots, with their claws, and steel heels and spurs, enchanted her above everything; and she was so happy imagining herself behind the foot-lights in her Kite's costume, that we had to pin her picture to the curtains of her bed.

As Garnier had told her, when she awoke, that I had been there to say that we should not rehearse the pantomime for a few days till she was better, all I had to do was to confirm his assertion.

I was full of a tender pity for my poor little Kite, wounded unto death, and for her two comrades, who nursed her with the tenderness of women. Twice a day I called, and always made a point of saying aloud, either to M. Garnier or to the Long Serpent, that our play was not getting on well, and that it would be a month before it was ready.

Alas! we all knew she would not last so long. Her breathing, poor child, be-

came more and more difficult, until every breath seemed like a long sigh. Doctor, N—, who had paid her another visit, told Garnier she could not live a week.

The sketch of her costume made her so happy, that I was encouraged to think of a fresh surprise and pleasure. I went up to her room one evening, with a parcel carefully hidden in the breast of my overcoat. I noticed, as I passed the door of M. Garnier, that there was a great sound of voices in his room, and I heard the enterprising young student I had seen there on my first visit toasting him as the illustrious Savirien Garnier, *savantissimus doctor*.

From this I argued that the good fellow had that day got his diploma, and that they were holding a symposium in his honor. Mademoiselle Eva was talking eagerly to Nabal, and seemed radiant.

"Have you heard the good news?" she cried, as soon as she saw me. "He has got in!"

A roar of *savantissimus doctor* up the staircase confirmed the intelligence.

"What! Is that a new surprise for me?" she cried, stretching out her trembling hand to the parcel, which I held up, and danced like a doll before her on the bed.

"No; it is for another little friend of mine, but I brought it to ask you how you thought she would be pleased."

She untied the string, tore off the paper, and cried out,—

"No, no! It's for me! it's for me only." And she held up with delight two pretty little boots of yellow satin, whose steel heels and tiny spurs clanked and glittered, like the bells upon a mule of the Pyrenees.

"My Kite's boots! Oh how good of you, how kind of you to have thought of them!" She burst into tears. "How can I thank you for all the kindness you have shown me? And you too, dear, kind Nabal!"

I drew near her bed, and she lifted her face that I might kiss her on her forehead. When suddenly, as my lips touched her face, her head fell back upon the pillow, and one of the little boots dropped on the floor, with a crash as if some precious crystal vase were broken.

It was so. The chord of her young life had snapped, and all was over.

Nabal rushed frantically to the head of the stairs, crying aloud for Garnier, and in another moment returned, followed by him into the room.

"Bring me a light!" cried Garnier, rushing towards the bed.

I supposed she had only fainted, and was vainly searching on the chimney-piece for salts, or vinegar, or a *carafe* of water.

Garnier had the poor girl in his arms when I brought the lamp up to them, and he cried out,—

"No, no! Go away. Don't look. Take Nabal away. Take Nabal!"

But I had seen already. I had seen the poor girl's mouth, and Garnier's hands covered with blood, and a long crimson streak was on the sheets and pillow.

Nabal had staggered back against the wall, and with his hands before his face cried, "She is dead! dead! *oh, mon Dieu!* Poor little Eva!"

We had to search through all the poor girl's things,—her trunk, handboxes, and other little possessions, to find the necessary papers.

After all, all we could find was her *acte de naissance*, but that was sufficient to satisfy the authorities.

She was not quite eighteen, and her name was Evelina Carteret.

Nabal knew the name of the village where her mother lived. The master of the house wrote to her, but when she arrived the funeral was over.

She was a good woman, but she seemed more moved and humiliated by the sight of the poverty in which her child had died, than by her loss.

My Kite might have lived a year or two longer in the country.

Garnier and I have both tried our best to transplant the Long Green Serpent from his garret chamber. But he has attached himself to his poverty like an oyster to its rock, and sadly we have come to the conclusion that we can do nothing to save him. Indeed it seems almost charity to dole him out daily the money needed for the poison that is undermining his mental and physical powers. The water-color sketch of my poor Kite hangs in my chamber, and I have still her dainty little pair of yellow boots, while Garnier has poor Jolicœur stuffed, as a remembrance of her. He was found upon the fireplace behind an empty cup, with his poor little claws in the air, stone-dead, the day after Eva's funeral.

There is an idea throughout the neighborhood that some one perished of cold and hunger in that poverty-stricken room.

ADRIEN ROBERT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## AMONG THE DICTIONARIES.

TIME was, in literature, when there were no dictionaries. Of course. Letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear; and there was no need for more. By the lip, could be solved the mystery coming from the lip; for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near.

It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught; and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block, hindering him. The treasured MS. was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it — spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll; laid open upon a desk, leaved, and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book — he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience — a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself — and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his MS. afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily, Holy Writ — the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters — of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter — he would write this meaning, this exposition, this *gloss*, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, thenceforth, and for-

ever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made, magically, to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining, requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious, old-world scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the new-world dictionaries; and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

Perhaps this may seem remote? Short work will be enough to show how it was done. Pupils, or call them young or less-instructed associates, of a master, had again, and after a lapse of time in greater numbers, to be dispersed. After the lapse of time, also, MSS. were ordered to be executed for royal and other wealthy readers, too much engrossed by state and duties to be able to keep to the set places and hours of a class. As for the young associates, they would have read from their master's glossed MSS. during their pupilage, had they had to take their duties whilst they were absent, whilst they were ill. As for the newly-finished MSS., it would have been destruction to their cherished neatness, to their skilled beauty, to have defaced them with glosses here and there, as glosses were, in patches, and generally, for greater conspicuousness, written in red letters. Glossed words were written in a list apart, then; becoming, in this way, companion to the student, enlightenment to the MS., and enlightenment almost as handy as if it had been delivered from the tongue. Particular exposition of a particular master came to be especially demanded, too; from veneration, for comparison, to settle a dispute, for the mere admiration and interest of seeing what another man had done. Such exposition was, perforce, on a separate list. Such expositions, moreover — coming as they did, one perhaps from a scholar at Rhegium, one from Nysa, one from Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Rhodes — could be readily perceived to possess color from the temperament, from the circumstances, of the writer; and it followed, as a simple consequence, that two or more should be set out, methodically, side by side. Here, then, was the form of a dictionary; the germ of it, its manner. Here a word stood, with a series of interpretations to it; the whole to be read at one consulting, and giving employment to the criti-

cal faculty of rejection or approval. For, this duplication, this triplication, this multiplication, as it grew to be, had its own excellent relish, and the very relish suggested something more. There would have been the word *exilis*, put it. One teacher would recommend it to be rendered *thin* (of course, the equivalent to these shades of thought, according to the tongue being used and elucidated); another teacher, of wider thought, would expound it *mean*; another, living amidst bleak rocks, perhaps, and these helping his asceticism, would set down *barren*; another, applying the thinness and tenuity to some musical sounds remaining in his memory, would write it *shrill*, *treble*. To say this, is but to say how language itself accumulated, and had expansion. Yet it suggests the mode. It points out how, when each word had such various glosses put to it, richness could not fail to arise; and diversity, and discrimination, with greater or less delicacy of expression; and how glosses being born — or, christen them with that longer name of glossaries — were never likely to be let to die.

There has to be recollections, however, that, as these glossaries were limited to gleanings from one MS., or to gleanings from various copies of that same one MS., according to what, of fresh interpretation, each separate owner had glossed, so they were limited to explaining one author; or to explaining such limited portion of one author as one MS. contained. Thus one glossary would elucidate a Gospel; one, a set of Epistles; one, a Prophet; one, Virgil, Horace, Homer, Euripides. The Epinal Gloss is an existing example, luckily for the literary world, of such an accumulation. In MS. still, it is still, by the religious treasuring it has had at Epinal, precisely as it was at its compilation twelve hundred years ago (in the course now, however, of being printed here, lent by the French government for that purpose); and it is testimony, teeming with interest, of how far dictionary life, in its day, had advanced. Progressing still, there was the Latin "Glossary" of Varro, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero. There was the "Lexicon" of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." There was the "Onomasticon" of Pollux; Pollux, instructor to the emperor Commodus, having produced this, a Greek vocabulary, expressly for his imperial pupil's use. There was the "Lexicon" of Harpocration, in the fourth century, relating only to the ten orators of Greece. There

was the valuable work of Hesychius of Alexandria. There was the "Glossary" of Photius, written in the ninth century: all of these having been printed at Venice and kindred places, after centuries of chrysalis life in MS., almost as soon as printing was available; and this particular Photian "Glossary" having been re-edited here by Porson, and even called for, after Porson's death, later still, viz. in 1822. There was the "Lexicon" of Suidas, collected by him in the tenth century, and printed at Milan in 1499; remarkable for the plan, first used in it, of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them better, and for thus widening considerably the already widening field of the lexicographical art. There was the dictionary, in the thirteenth century, of John Balbus, called John of Genoa; a Latin work extending to seven hundred pages folio, that has further notability from having been the first in type, Gutenberg himself having printed it at Mayence, in 1460. There was the dictionary, printed at Vicenza in 1483, of Johannes Crestonus, in Greek and Latin; both, also, a development. There was the Latin dictionary of Calepino, first printed at Reggio in 1502, and enjoying, like the Greek dictionary of Photius, continued re-editing down to the present century. But the expansion of the gloss-seed, as shown in all these instances, having reached the point at which there was recognition of the fact that the search for words was a distinct branch of letters, worthy of a special hand possessing special scholarly attainments, the period of English dictionaries has been touched, and the subject must have treatment assuming different proportions.

It will have been understood — up to this point, of course — that the aim of all the early word-works that have been enumerated was merely to give explanations of rare words, difficult words; words known, shortly, as "hard." This continued. English lexicographers, at this outset of their career, and for centuries, did not go beyond. They grew very pleasant, they were quaint, they were concentrated, they were rambling, delightful, either way; and they shall be their own exemplification.

The "Promptorium Parvulorum" heads the list: the "Little Expediter," or the "Little Discloser," as it might (very freely) be translated. Alas, that it should be so small! that "hard" words were so scant then, it has such few pages that they can be run through in a moderate



reading. Its style is to go from A to Z alphabetically, but to have its nouns in one list, its verbs in another; to give nothing but these nouns and verbs; and, being written in English first to help English students to Latin, it has no complementary half for those who, having a Latin word, want to turn it into English. "Gredynesse of mete," it says, "Aviditas. Gredynesse in askynge, Procacitas. Fadyr and modyr yn one worde, Parens. False and deceyvable and yvel menyng, Versutis, Versipellis. Golet or Throte, Guttar, Gluma, Gola. Clepyn or Callyn, Voco." Its date is 1440, about; it was written by a Norfolk man (as the preface tells); Richard Francis, think some; Galfridus Grammaticus, as is conjectured by others; it was first printed in 1499, appeared three or four times again when 1500 was just turned, and has had a careful reprint recently by the Camden Society, under the capable editing of Mr. Albert Way. Immediately succeeded, this, by the "*Catholicon Anglicum*," dated 1483, but never in print till the Early English Text Society was granted the privilege of publishing it a very few years ago; by the "*Medulla Grammaticæ*," by the "*Ortus Vocabulorum*" based upon it, and printed in 1500 (these being Latin); by Palsgrave's "*Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse*," printed in 1530; by Wyllyam Salesbury's "Dictionary in Englysche and Welshe," printed in 1547; there came the English dictionary proper of Richard Huloet, that first went to the press in 1552. The edition of this by John Higgins, printed a few years later, is a volume that is beautiful even by the standard of to-day. It is folio; generously thick; perfect in its neatness; its double columns are regularly arranged, with the headings B ante A, B ante E (the fair forerunner of the present mode BAB, BAC., etc.); and, intended to give English and Latin and French, it puts the English in black letter, the Latin in Roman, the French in italics; unless, indeed, the French is evidently not in Richard Huloet's knowledge, when Huloet calmly omits it altogether. Here is his manner:—

Apple, called Apple John, or Saint John's Apple, or a sweting, or an apple of paradise. Malum, mustum, Melinelum, quod minimum durat celeriter-que mitescit. Pomme de paradis.

Here again:—

Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something.  
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXV. 1784

Diætarii. Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.

"For the better attayning of the knowledge of words," says this good Richard Huloet, "I went not to the common Dictionaries only, but also to the authors themselves . . . and finally, I wrate not in the whole booke one quyre without perusing and conference of many authors. . . . Wherefore, gentle reader, accept my paynes as thou wouldst others should (in like case) accept thine."

The "*Manipulus Vocabulorum*," written by Peter Levens in 1570, printed then, by Henrie Bynneman, in seventy-seven leaves quarto, and reprinted, a few years since, under the careful supervision of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, appeals quite as prettily to have its claims considered. "Some will say," writes Peter Levens, "that it is a superfluous and unnecessary labour to set forth this Dictionary, for so much as Maister Huloet hath sette forth so worthe a worke of the same kinde already. But . . . his is great and costly, this is little and of light price; his for greter students and them that are richable to have it, this for beginners and them that are pooreable to have no better; his is ful of phrases and sentences fit for them that use oration and oratorie, this is onely stuffed full of words." And there the words are: in English first, in Latin after; in double columns; and the English to rhyme, "for Scholers to use to write in English Mètre," thus: Bande, Brande, Hande, Lande, Sande, Strande, etc., with the Latin for each at the side. Over the errata at the end Peter Levens writes, "Gentle Reader, amende these fautes escaped;" and the only wish to the modern reader is that there was more matter to read, even if it enforced the amendment of fautes indeed.

Contemporary with this, was a "Shorte Dictionarie in Latin and English verie profitable for yong Beginners," by J. Withals. It is a charming-looking little book, octavo, only half an inch thick, light and supple as a pocket-book, with its matter in double columns, the English first, and the "catch-words" of this still in black letter. Wynkyn de Worde printed it in its early editions, and it was printed again and again by others, down to 1599. "A Little Dictionarie for Children," says J. Withals, as a running title all along the pages of it; but he gives the puzzled little Elizabethan children no alphabet to guide them, and only divides his articles into what appears to him to be subjects.

"The Times," he says, as a promising heading to one of these; then under it he puts such odd times as "A meete tyme, To sit a sunning, A field beginning to spring, A field beginning to wax greene," and so forth. In "Certaine Phrases for Children to use in familiar speeche," J. Withals is as quaint to the very end. "Away and be hanged!" he puts ready for his little Tudor schoolboys, rendering it "Abi hinc in malam rem." And, "I am scarcely mine owne man," "Vix sum apud me." "*Evans*. What is *fair*, William? *Will*. Pulcher. *Evans*. What is *lapis*, William? *Will*. A stone. *Evans*. That is good, William." So it is; and in J. Withals may be seen the very manner of the acquisition of it.

John Baret, in 1573, most fitly joins and ornaments this group. The title of his Dictionary is "An Alvearie" (a beehive); and he, in a manner, sets out the development of the gloss, even from the area of his own experience. "About eyghtene years agoe," he writes, "having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latin tongue," they "perceyving what great trouble it was to come running to mee for every word they missed . . . I appoynted them . . . every day to write English before ye Latin, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livie, etc., and to set them under severall tytles, for the more ready finding them againe at their neede . . ." when as "within a yeare or two they had gathered together a great volume," he called them his diligent bees, and their great volume an alvearie. It is curious, this, as being plain, though not unexpected, witness. So, also, does John Baret throw other curious light, and mark some progress. "A Goast" shows his method. Thus:—

A Goast, an image in man's imagination. Spectrum, tri, n.g., Cic. Phantasma, vision. La semblence des choses que nostre pensee ha conceue;

in the Latin part of which there will be noted the first appearance of a declension and an authority. This attractive work began by being a triple dictionary—English, Latin, French; and in later editions grew to a quadruple dictionary, with Greek added. The French, however, as with Richard Huloet, is omitted again and again; and "as for Greeke," says John Baret himself, "I coulde not ioyn it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same!" And it is

a confession far too pretty not to have this small resuscitation.

By these examples, French, Latin, Greek are proved to have been imperative to the home life of (educated) medievals; and "neat Italy"—for all that Rome, the heart of it, was somewhat out of favor—was not to be unrepresented by the dictionary-makers under Elizabeth. John Florio, who was English except by extraction, who was teacher of French and Italian at Oxford, and, on the accession of James the First, appointed tutor to the poor Prince Henry, his son, published an Italian and English dictionary in 1598. Italian first, he put, and put no more; but within ten years, Giovanni Torriano, a fellow-teacher and an Italian, in London, seeing (it may be supposed) the value of Baret's Latin and French and Greek lists—cumbrous and inefficient as they were—provided Florio's book with a second and better half, viz. English words first and Italian after, in the present full manner; thus bringing bi-lingual dictionaries up to a standard from which, to be complete, there could be no departing any more.

"Lettere di scatola," says John Florio; letting him speak for himself, "or Lettere di spetiale, great letters, text characters, such as in Apothecaries shops are written on their boxes that every man may read them afar off, and know what they contain: Used by Metaphor for To speak plainly, without fear." Also, John Florio gives column after column of Italian proverbs, of which here are two, both touching his craft:—

Le parole non s'infilzano—Words do not thriddle themselves.

I fatti son maschi, le parole son femine—Deeds are masculine, words are women.

A splendid volume by Cotgrave, a French and English dictionary, folio, clean, exact, of most accurate printing, advanced to the three index-letters, at the head of each column, in the perfect form of to-day, was published in 1611. "A Bundle of Words," Cotgrave calls it, in a fatherly, fondling way, when asking Lord Burleigh, in his preface, to look upon it with favor. And he puts his errata at the very beginning, before ever he opens his bundle, because "I (who am no God, or angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding, to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." The novelty in this "Verball Creature," or the stride made by it, is the grammar appended,

with the French verbs conjugated in the manner still used to-day. *Aller*, says Cotgrave, in a mode bald enough; but his English explanation of the word is a glory. It says, "To goe, walke, wend, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travel, depart," with forty or fifty picturesque illustrations, such as "Aller à S. Bezet, To rest in no place, continually to trot, gad, wander up and down;" such as "*Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde* — 'Tis common vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a booke), Wast paper is made of it, Mustard pots are stopp'd with it (so much the world esteems it)." This is a small sample, but it shows, amply, that the "Verball Creature" it is pulled from is a "Bundle of Words" that would bear much more unpacking and much more close overhauling.

Another genuine English dictionary must be taken from the shelf now. It could scarcely present itself in more enticing guise. It is smaller even than Withals' Latin and English dictionary was; it is thinner, narrower, more supple, more suited still to be one number of a portable library, and the one never likely to be left behind. Being English explaining English, this diminutive size seems curious — until there is consideration. It is that "hard" English words, even in this day of John Bullokar, the author, were still few: that John Bullokar's columns and pages were consequently few, to match. "I open the significations of such words to the capacite of the ignorant," he writes, writing from "my house at Chichester in Sussex, this 17 day of October, 1616." "It is familiar among best writers to usurp strange words" now; yet "I suppose withal their desire is that they should also be understoode, which I . . . have endeavored by this Booke, though not exquisitely, . . . to perform." Yet it is exquisitely performed. "A Girl," says the performer — in proof of his exquisiteness — "a Roe Bucke of two yeares — for he is far too earnest in his desire for consistency to put any explanation to girl except that which is very "hard" indeed. "Have a care," he says, too, warningly (and warningly, without a suspicion of it), "to search every word according to the true orthography thereof; as for Phoenix in the letter P, not F; for Hypostaticall in Hy, not in Hi." And he gives a note of natural history (amidst some scores) that must be turned to before his pages are closed and he is laid aside. A crocodile, he says (after a column and a half of description of it) "will

weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eate up the head two. . . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme of about 2 yards long;" in which detail of personal experience he shows what was tolerated, and even expected, in a dictionary in his time; and he gives what is, in this time, a very enriching flavor.

John Minsheu, first publishing in 1599, but appearing in his better known form in 1617, only one year after Bullokar, must here have his greeting. "Some have affirmed," he says captivately, at the very onset, "that a Dictionarie in a yeere might be gathered compleat enough. I answer that in conceit it may be;" and, conceit being far away enough from his own composition, his answer carries with it every satisfaction. So does his dictionary. It was, again, like Cotgrave's, and Florio's, and Baret's, and "Master Huloet's," an immense work; folio. It marked more progress, too. It was the first book ever published in England that appended a list of subscribers; and in matters appertaining solely (as the foregoing does not) to dictionary growth it was the first that tried to fix the derivations of words; that aimed at regulating their sounds by putting accents; that gave some chapters of connected familiar conversations, or scenes, hoping them to be "profitable to the learned and not unpleasant to any other reader."

His dictionary was, mainly, to teach Spanish; the edition of 1599 has Spanish first (for there had been reasons, for a good many years in that sixteenth century, why Spanish should want compassing by the English; and there were reasons, under James the First, when Minsheu went to the press again, that Spanish should be still well in courtly memory); so Minsheu says: "I accent every word in the whole Dictionary to cause the learner to pronounce it right, otherwise when he speaketh he shall not be understoode of the naturall Spaniard." "Lunch, or great piece," is his arrangement in his latter half, where he has English first, "vide Zouja." "A mer-Maide, vide Serena." "A Taunting Verse, vide Satyra." "A Tippling Gossip, vide Bevedora." This *vide* occurring at every one of the thousands of English words, without the art of book-making having advanced sufficiently for it to be seen that a note at the beginning of the division would have made such trouble and cost unnecessary.

A vastly different dictionary was pub-

lished by Henry Cockeram, in 1623. He thought that "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants, as also strangers of any nation," desirous of "a refined and elegant speech," would like an Alphabetically and English expositor "of 'vulgar words,' 'mocke words,' 'fustian termes,' 'ridiculously used in our language,' so that they might look into such an expositor "to receive the exact and ample word to expresse" what they required. Accordingly, he tells them that Rude is vulgar, and Agresticall the choice word they ought to use for it, or Rusticall, Immorigerous, Rurall; also, that To Weede is vulgar, and the choice word To Sarculate, To Diruncinate, To Averuncate; further, that to speak of To knocke one's legs in going, is vulgar; it should be called choicely To Interfeere. He puts down a "Glosse, a short exposition of any darke speech;" he makes his glosse, in the shape his period had worked it into, an exposition of very dark speech indeed. His natural history is quite on a level with what he had seen in dictionaries before. "The Barble," he says, as a specimen, "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

But Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple, barrister, in another little octavo published in 1656, elbows this Henry Cockeram aside, and has good reason for clamoring for attention. He wrote his Dictionary, he said ("*Glossographia*" in the title), "for all such as desire to understand what they read," and to save others from being, what he was, "often gravell'd." He had "gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French," he declares, "and had a smattering of Greek and other Tongues;" uselessly, evidently; for these are some of the words he says are those that "gravell'd" him: Basha, Seraglio, Turbant, the Salique Law, Daulphin, Escorial, Infanta, Sanbenito, Consul, Tribune, Obelisk, Vatican, Dictator. "Nay," he breaks out, "to that pass we are now arrived, that in London many of the tradesmen have new dialects: the Vintner will furnish you with Alicant, Tent, Sherbet, Coffee, Chocolate; the Tayler is ready to make you a Capouch, Rochet, or a Cloke of Drap de Berry; the Barber will modifie your Beard into A la Manchini; the Haberdasher is ready to furnish you with a Cassok; the Sempstress with a Crabbat and a Toylet." England had no Protectorate in respect of its English words, then, clearly — however carefully Cromwell might have been guarding

English rights; and Puritanism found itself without a moment to spare to set a purist at the head of language.

Thomas Blount, however, has another claim, in dictionary history, for distinct mention. When his "*Glossographia*" was only two years old, namely in 1658, he received deep offence. Edward Phillips, the son of Anne Milton, Milton's sister, publishing a folio dictionary, the "New World of Words," made Blount bring up his guns to try and shiver it to pieces, thereby ushering warfare into lexicography; and, giving such life to it, it has broken out, on one score or another, at the publication of almost every dictionary since. Phillips copied out of Blount's little octavo wholesale; copying blunders and all, even to blunders of type, so that he stood there (in sheets, but not penitent) convicted. Many errors he made without copying, too; and simply for want of understanding; and for these, as well as the others, Blount pounces down upon him vigorously — Blount with all his quills high. He says, quoting Phillips, "Gallon (Spanish), a measure containing two quarts. Our author had better omitted this word, since every alewife can contradict him." He says, quoting Phillips still, "Quaver, a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver, a semiquaver, etc. What fustian is here! Just so, two is the half of four, and four the half of two; and semiquaver is explicated by a dumb etc!" This suffices; anger not being a pleasing spectacle, nor inefficiency either. Besides, Phillips acquired wisdom enough to correct his errors — about forty years after he had made them, and when poor Blount was dead! — and, as he did do this, it is but mercy now to — shut him up, and put him by.

Echoing about still, however, are adverse criticisms of this unpleasing Roundhead, as another volume is taken down. "Phillips had neither skill, tools, nor materials," said the anonymous author of the "*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*," publishing it in 1707. It is not his book, however, on which the fingers fall. Space is getting miserably short; there are nearly two centuries of dictionaries yet to be accounted for; in the throng, many a folio, a quarto, an octavo must be passed untouched, and even unnamed, by; and this is one of them. Here is the bulky folio, though, the valuable folio, of Dr. Stephen Skinner; published in 1671, before Phillips had put on his sackcloth, and when Skinner, too, was endorsing the

verdict that he ought to wear it. This must be handled for a moment, and have a little open spreading. It is a laborious etymological dictionary; large as full, full as large; it contains elaborate explanations of English words in Latin; it contains the etymologies of these words from the Latin, Greek, French, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Teutonic; with Minshew's derivations, and Spelman's derivations (as far as they existed), to compare; and it forms a whole that is a wonder, especially when it is considered that the author was in full practice in London as a physician, and died at the early age of forty-four. His manner was this:—

Platter: à Fr. Plat; Hisp. Plato; It. Piatto, Piatta; Teut. Platte; à Lat. Patina; Gr. . . .

omitted here, say, "for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure," etc.; and omitting, likewise, a long definition of what a plate is in Latin—the real language of the book. It was quite concise; quite unornamented and undecanted upon; just brief and sheer, straight up to the point; and it was precisely because it was this, that it had such value. Especial literary interest, moreover, will never fade away from it. It was with Johnson in that lodging in Holborn, in that "handsome house in Gough Square, Fleet Street," in that "upper room fitted up like a counting-house" where he and his six copyists spent those nine years engaged upon his dictionary; and nothing, up to that date, was in existence so suited to the purpose. In company with the "*Etymologicon Anglicanum*" of Junius, it gave Johnson his etymologies ready to his hand, and saved him several years of unpalatable labor.

Nathan Bailey, appearing in 1721, was a fit auxiliary to Skinner, and has claims to notice yet more pressing. Reaching him (and skipping Coles, and Cocker, and Kersey, to do it, the which skipping is done ruefully, because of the rich provender they almost beg to be cropped away from them), there can be a glance at once at Bailey's title. The "*Universal Etymological English Dictionary*," it is; and in that word "universal" is the sign that distinguishes it. Nathan Bailey had the genius to see that an art is no art that does not take in all sides of it; that in his art there ought to be a representation of all words—easy, as well as "hard;" "fustian," as well as euphuistic; current, as well as those out of date; and, being the first lexicographer who saw this, he was the first lexicographer to try and

carry it out. His success was immense, and immediate. There were five editions of him; there were ten editions of him; there were fifteen; there were twenty; there were twenty-four. There were varieties of him, and many editions of each. At first he was octavo (but as broad in the back as he ought to be), with woodcuts—in which idea, also, he was an innovator—to show matter, such as heraldic coats, difficult to explain; then he was without the cuts, at the lowered price of 6s.; then he was in folio, in which commodious size he was the best help Johnson had of any. Having a folio copy interleaved, Johnson's notes were made on the blank sheets; and it stood, a secure and acknowledged foundation. The manner of Bailey, as shown in his work, overruns with character. "A cat may look at a king," he says, in black letter: proverbs being a part of his scheme, and his heart full in it: "This is a saucy proverb, generally made use of by pragmatistical persons, who must needs be censuring their superiors, take things by the worst handle, and carry them beyond their bounds: for tho' peasants may look at and honor great men, patriots, and potentates, yet they are not to spit in their faces." "Sea-Unicorn, Unicorn-Whale," he says, in delightful continuation of his predecessors' natural history; he being a thriving schoolmaster, and teaching only one hundred and fifty years ago, let it be hinted: "A fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown-piece, six large fins like the end of a galley-oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies." Can it not be seen how ignorance at home ought not to be surprising, and how, when the schoolmaster went abroad, there was plenty for him to put down in his notebook?

And now, is there to be anything of Johnson? What has been said, has been said with little skill, if there is not clear understanding by now that he was, glaringly, wanted. Bailey was the standard, there must be firm recollection, and remained the standard for thirty years. There was Dyche trying to run level paces with him, and a B. N. Defoe, and Sparrow, and Martin, and two or three known only by the name of their publishers—to have nothing here but this short enumeration, there was even John Wesley. John Wesley's ideas of a dictionary were such that he had the modesty to place himself only in duodecimo; only in a hundred



pages; only with one column to a page; with which circumstances, John Wesley's modesty ended. "The author assures you," he brags, "he thinks this the best English dictionary in the world;" and the sleek conceit of him (lexicographically) would almost show cause why he should not have place in serious business at all. "Many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have yet seen," he adds, "whereas I can truly say I know of none in this;" and as he has thus pointed his finger at "mistakes"—at ignorance, his pointing is his passport, even if there were nothing more in it than the delicious manner in which it is done. But there is far more in it. For science was awakening, when Wesley was preaching—and writing a dictionary. Cook was circumnavigating the globe; Banks was laboring at his botany; Solander was with them; philosophy, on every hand, was drawing her robes around her, and taking philosophic shaping. With specimens, human and brute, being brought home from voyages triumphantly achieved, with drawings and measurements to show other objects not so conveniently preserved, it would no longer do to have dictionaries, or, say, Verball Creatures, stuffed full of fins like galley-oars, of crocodiles' tears. Ignorant men, consulting these, became more ignorant; scientific men, consulting them, could only turn from the columns and give—according to their temper—a laugh or a sneer. So Johnson had to be set to work. He was a scholar; he was an academic; he was a man of letters. His pen could run—circuitously, it is true, with overmuch of pomp; but the bound of it had vigor; its stateliness had caught the public eye. And a little knot of publishers, acutely seeing the commercial side of this, had interviews with him, negotiated with him, let him know that he was the man. Poor Johnson! He had, he says in his preface, "the dreams of a poet;" he was "doomed at last to wake a lexicographer"! He wrote having "little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Yes. His "Tetty" died during the nine years his dictionary occupied him; he was not able during the nine years to remain in one home. He had to leave that lodging in Holborn, where he and his six copyists sat in an upper chamber fitted up like a counting-house; he had to get

another lodging in Gough Square. Worse than all, he "soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student; thus to the weariness of copying I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging;" and "I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations;" and he had to collect materials by "fortuitous and unguided excursions into books," out of "the boundless chaos of living speech;" and he knew that "among unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries, the slave of science, doomed only to remove rubbish," and that, though "every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach!" Yes. And let the sigh come out again, poor Johnson! "Lexicographer," he writes, when he has worked up to that word in his two giant volumes—that are half a yard high, that are nearly a foot wide, that are nearly a finger thick, that weigh pounds and pounds—"Lexicographer;" and he puts to it the celebrated definition, "A writer of Dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." And can it cause wonder? Leaving that, however, which was personal to Johnson, let notice be taken solely to Johnson's work. Attention must be called to that spelling "Dictionaries." It is an error crept in. It is an earnest of a thousand errors—and weaknesses, and omissions, and false notions, and unnecessary verbiage, and failure to hit—that also crept in, in spite of all the learning of Johnson, and all his research, and all his exhausting care. Able as he was, concentrated as he could make himself, he could only go as far as the knowledge of his day had gone; he could only see as far as his human eye would let him see. So he omits predilection, respectable, bulky, mimetic, isolated, mimical, decompose, etc., of accident; he shall not put in, he says of purpose, such words as Socinian, Calvinist, Mahometan; as greenish, and the family of ish; as vileness, or any ending in ness; as dully, or any ending in ly; such are not wanted. John Ash, a close successor of his, and a very blundering copyer, as Phillips was of Blount, is received as a lexicographical joke always, because whilst writing such things as "Bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for biovac," and for not giving the right word, Bivouac, at all, he puts down "Esoteric (adj.), an incorrect spelling for exoteric, which see." But Johnson had not esoteric, or exoteric, either. Science had not ad-

vanced sufficiently to make those words required for her vocabulary; or else he forgot them. Johnson thought, also, it was philology to write down "Exciseman, from excise and man;" and "Feather-bed, from feather and bed;" and "Looking-glass, from look and glass," and so forth. It seemed expedient to him, too, as an example, to say of network (after philologizing it very helpfully, from net and work), "Anything articulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." It never occurred to him that reticulate and decussate, and interstice and intersection, would each one require as much searching for as network, and, being four words for one, would give four times the trouble. Then there was that class of definitions he would never consent to have expunged, of which excise is a well-known illustration. "Excise," he wrote, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." After remarking which, Johnson's immense work, laden to the margins with its glorious quotations, has also to be hoisted up on to the shelves—taking a heavy lurch to do it,—and Johnson's work has, very reluctantly, to be let go.

He had successors of all sorts, in shoals. They have counted twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred, and more. There was Buchanan—to touch one or two of the most notable, here and there. There was Johnston, particular in his pronunciation, and getting (for one) Sirrah pronounced Serra, whilst his contemporaries insisted it should be Sarra. There was Kenrick, the originator of the *London Review*, and the libeller of Garri-  
rick. There was Entick. There was Perry. There was Nares. There was Sheridan, telling his public to say Wen'-z-da, and Skee-i, and Skee-i-lark, and Gheerden, and Ghee-ide, and so on: he being sure of his position because he had read three or four hours a day to Swift, had heard Chesterfield and the Duke of Dorset speak, and knew pronunciation had been uniform in the time of Queen Anne, and had only been defaced by "the advent of a foreign family," viz., of course, the Hanoverian line. There was Walker, saying (on Sheridan's report), how Swift used to jeer the people who called the wind winn'd, by "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd," and how he was met by the retort, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be

toold why you pronounce it goold." There was Scott. There was George Mason, raving about Johnson's "uniform monotony of bombast;" his "ridiculous blunders," exceeding four thousand three hundred; his "numberless literary transgressions;" his "culpable omissions;" with his own splendid renunciation, on his own part, of the wish to "plunder poor Johnson of his multifarious literary infamy;" with his ugly little phrase that "'The Rambler' is an article I should be most ashamed to own the penning of." There was Jodrell. There was Richardson, proclaiming Johnson's "Dictionary" "a failure, his first conceptions not commensurate to his task, and his subsequent performance not even approaching the measure of his original design;" proclaiming himself—no!—saying "he may be arraigned for a vainglorious estimate of himself," whilst it is quite clear he thinks too glorious an estimate every way impossible. There was Todd. There were Webster and Worcester; American, both; remarkable, in their early days, for so much quarrelling, that a hillock of pamphlets carried on the strife for months, setting down testimonials, anti-testimonials, advertisements, amounts of sales, narratives, etc.; and giving opportunity to Dr. Worcester to say of some of Dr. Webster's words, "It has been my intention scrupulously to avoid them. . . . You coined them, or stamped them anew, to enrich or embellish the language. . . . They are Ammony, Bridegroom, Canail, Leland, Naivty, Nightmar, Prosopopy" (and more). . . . "I am willing that you should forever have the entire and exclusive possession of them."

This is enough. There is conception by now, perhaps, of the mass of dictionaries there is for the student to roam amongst; and the giddy bewilderment likely to come from the consultation of column after column of them, of page after page, of author after author pressing into notice by the lively score. It shall be concluded that this is so. What, then, will be the giddiness of bewilderment when there is the announcement, now, by way of conclusion, that there is no dictionary of the English language in existence as yet at all? It will sound prodigious; it will sound stupendous; it will sound of the sort that will entail a reference to a dictionary at once (any one will do; that one nearest at hand) to try and select a word that shall fitly express absurdity or the wildest intre-

pidity. Yet this will only be — until there is consideration. What, as a beginning of such consideration, have all these dictionaries, into which this has been a peep, amounted to? There has been ignorance, in many, when they are touched on the score of utility (their *raison d'être*), not charm of reading; there has been superfluity; there has been folly; there have been errors, and omissions, and plagiarisms, and personal warpings, and irrelevant detail, that make up as curious a chapter in literary history as is anywhere to be found. And what, on the other hand — to consider more — is it clear by now that a dictionary ought to be? The Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857, essayed to answer this question. Its members decided to sound, and dig, to lay deep and sure foundations, for a dictionary that should include all English words, in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage — a quotation, moreover, with book, chapter, and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent, and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations: in combining them into word groups, and special sense groups, and chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine, and harmonize, and complete, all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen — and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death — where death had come. Clearly, up to the date of the publication of such a dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation evermore go on. But adverse circumstances arose: the first-nominated editor — enthusiastic, brilliant, lovable — Herbert Coleridge, died. The

shock to the nascent dictionary was sharp and severe; and though Mr. Furnival, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies — founding them chiefly that the welfare of the dictionary might be promoted — did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it, and it almost burned down. Happily this depression is past. It was only momentary, to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford — has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the university press — now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master builder especially competent to the mighty task, and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call, eight hundred volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaning and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service, in case of special need. The right spirit is in this method of attacking the subject, clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first-fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago. And though all this, possibly, is too well known in literary circles, is attracting too much literary interest, to have made any reference necessary to it here, yet, whilst among the dictionaries, it would have been *gauche* — it would have been even ungrateful — to have left it out.

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From Fraser's Magazine.  
CONSOLATIONS.

Joys like winged dreams fly fast:  
Why should sadness longer last?

FLETCHER.

I HAVE heard of a man who took to drinking, because when he recovered from diphtheria he found his wife and two children had died of it. He was hardly to

blame. An intense depression attends the first days of convalescence from this illness, and if there is at the same time any real cause of mental anxiety or distress, a state of mind is produced hardly distinguishable from melancholy madness, except by its cause and duration. I had been disabled, at an unfortunate time, by a bad attack of diphtheria, and the inevitable feeling of depression was aggravated by the fact that the scientific expedition to which I was attached had sailed without me, a friendly rival filling my vacant place, and a family upon whom I had been particularly anxious to call before starting on the expedition had left London during my illness, probably without hearing of it, so that they were free to imagine I had started for a two years' absence without even the bare formality of leave-taking. They were travelling abroad, I knew not where, and, besides, I had no colorable excuse for writing to explain a neglect they had not perhaps observed.

Physical weakness and mental despondency reacted on each other, and a more melancholy convalescent seldom accepted the hospitality which a friend's kindness offered on his little island kingdom. The day after arrival was cold and cloudy, I was exhausted with a long journey, and, glancing carelessly at the ungenial sky, I thought the prescription of "change of scene" a shallow device of the doctors for sending their patients to suffer out of sight and earshot. The morning after was grey too, but neither cold nor wet, and towards eleven o'clock, with the sense of discharging a laborious duty, I started for my first short walk. I remember walking along a solitary lane, and noticing the ruts and grass along the footpath, and feeling dimly injured as if it wasn't worth a long voyage to see only that. But, in fact, the eyes of my mind and body were closed from simple feebleness: I had no vivid consciousness of despair, only a passive sense of being "used up" too completely for either remedy or revolt.

I did not see that the clouds were breaking, and that a clear space of blue sky was showing on the horizon. I was tired with my few minutes' walk, and thought I would just struggle to the shore for a moment before struggling back to idle sulkiness upon the couch indoors. A tolerably easy zigzag path led down to the beach. I noticed a spider's web on the bramble that caught my ulster, and once, when my foot slipped, in catching the rock to steady myself, I nearly put

my hand upon an ugly slimy slug. I carried an extra scarf for prudence, and even that grasshopper was a burden to my feeble limbs. I had fallen an unresisting victim to the peculiar peevishness which succeeds acute disease, and if any organism higher than the slug had come in my way, it would have found me villainously cross.

On reaching the bottom my temper was not improved by the first few steps over the raised beach of large, rounded pebbles upon which, even in health, one may stagger a little uncomfortably; as in the lane, I had been looking straight before me, with unobservant eye and consciousness turned inwards, but it was a relief to reach a footing of fine firm shingle and sand, and with this encouragement I looked up. I was startled; it seemed as if I had been asleep and woke with a start.

I don't know what else was in sight, but this is what I saw. The inner arch of a sea-green wave was coming towards me, and the sun shone through the green. It was such a shock as if an angel had touched blind eyes and scales fell off, making revelation of light and color—light and color the like of which I had never felt the sight of before. There was a crest of sunlit foam upon the coming wave, but it was the soft, luminous emerald of the approaching arch that thrilled me with something like the sweet wonder of first love, and I did not want to see anything but that. The wave broke, and I stood still with childish impatience to see if the next wave would repeat the delightful line and hue. A moment of anxious suspense, and then a longer, straight level line of wave lifted its head behind the surf, tossed its snowy curls, and swept majestically on one side the scrappy relics of its predecessor's end; then, as it came nearer, all along the line there was this wondrous curve of colored sunlight, softer than a clear emerald, fuller than the green of a sunset sky, more lasting than the opal's flash; its beauty possessed me. I forgot everything but the present moment and the wave. Just where I was, in the middle of the beach, I sat down. Life had come back to me already, for all my soul was eager expectancy and hope. What would become of me if I never saw this magic arch of light again? I could wait for its return a minute, half a minute—surely it would come! My pulse beat again with the hopes and fears of life.

Time measured itself by waves, not moments. The tide does not go on rising evenly; after a succession of fine, perfectly formed, proudly crested waves, the sea takes breath, and tiny rollers follow upon each other's heels, not one of which has might to wave away into its own volume the foaming *débris* of the last. Sometimes a big wave had its inrush spoilt by the back draught of a still mightier fore-runner, and then all was seething foam, and I lost sight of my sea-green arch. Was it in such caves that the sea fairies play, and was it only now and then by favoring chance that mortal eyes could catch glimpses of the hidden archway through? Somehow, as the spot one gazes on grows large, when one sees nothing outside this spot, one's mind perhaps guesses that it must be as large as all the many things we are wont to see at once together. So this green arch seemed to swell mountainously, and I could have believed the call if some mermaid's hand had beckoned me near, as to the hall-door of the ocean palaces. But there was compensation, even when the foam veiled the opening gates of this unknown world, for the big waves that were all foam played with the wind, and the sun played with the waves' plaything, and the spray rose in showers that glittered like dewdrops, and once a tiny foam-bow laughed at me, mocking slyly — Will you not watch and wait for me? But I was too wise; like a child who has found the right playfellow and a game to its mind, I was happy with the sea, and whoever had wished to read my thoughts must have watched a happy child with no room in its thoughts but for the grave prayer to a big playfellow, "Do it again, please." Again and again the waves rose and fell; slowly and cautiously, like an army with scouts, the waves drew nearer, feeling their way, and again and again the wonderful arch of green came like music on my troubled mind — if indeed I had a mind, and not rather, within the throbbing temples,

that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates transcending these  
Far other worlds and other seas,  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Time and trouble were no more, and when at last the waves were already washing the shingle at my very feet, and I rose reluctantly to leave the enchanted spot, I

found to my amaze that hours had passed.

Crawling home was another affair, but as I sank on to the sofa to rest out the day, instead of the morning's sulkiness, it was with a half-smile I thought to myself, perhaps I am going to get well after all! and I went to sleep at night with less than a resolution, a dumb perception that, of course, as soon as the sun was out tomorrow I would go back to the shore and look for my wave again. I have seen the sea break often since, and I watch with the double pleasure of association for the tender lights that shine too rarely through the transparent curving waters, but I have never seen again one wave quite like that first, and I have never felt again at the sight quite the same thrill of startled pleasure as on this morning when the glory of the waters called me back to hope and new sympathy with the world's *Te Deum*.

The next day I had no thought but to renew the once tasted delight, but I slept well and was ready to start a little earlier in the day. The sun was fully out, but an hour sooner in the day makes half a tide's difference to the beach, and I felt like one whose lover has broken tryst when on reaching the halting-place of yesterday the sea appeared a long stone's-throw off, and there were no breaking waves. Still one must take one's friends as we find them, and I could forgive something to my playfellow; besides, the sands were smooth and dry, the sky was of the softest deep blue, cloudless, but without the cold intensity that follows rain, rather as if the thinnest veil of rosy mist hung over the dazzling vault; the cliffs which I saw almost for the first time began with a grand precipice and then a broken craggy promontory ran out to sea, and one steep wall of it was covered with a cloak of ivy. I looked round and took courage to seek my fortune at the water's edge. It was near low water, and shallow waves were breaking in foamless ripples upon a level shingly beach; a few loose rocks lay together with wet seaweed clinging to a kind of water-mark half-way up their sides: the sun had dried the upper surface, instinct was driving me to follow the land as far to sea as I could, and by making a causeway of these rocks, I came to a point that let me look down upon the clear shallow sea, and hear behind me the swish of the ripple as it sank back over the shingle.

Then I looked for my friend of yester-



day. It wasn't quite canny. Had the mermaids been at work, and was my world changed as I slept? There were no green breakers here, and yet I could not turn away in blank disenchantment, for another spell was cast on me; here was magic and mystery and an enchantment more ineffably subtle than the last. It is the nature of the sea's waves to break, and I have dreamt of "the light that never was on sea or land;" but what is this light on sea and land at once, shedding colors by the side of which the rainbow is uniform and sober? The surface of the sea was mottled like a mackerel sky, but the dancing ripples had a thousand changing hues, all painted as it were upon a background of shining transparent gold, or rather upon gold of a luminous sheen that lent transparency to the bright colors laid on it. I watched the dazzling surface of the water, trying patiently and in vain to see what colors made the brightness. In the delirium of illness I had been haunted with queer fancies about space of four dimensions; I wondered was this the land where space had four dimensions, and had the colors of the spectrum changed to match, for if so, it seemed that the fourth dimension was the color of sugar-candy, and every color of the rainbow in this universe was mixed with gold brown light, turning the blue and the green of the old world into new and indescribable shades. The sea was very still and clear, and the sun glittered on the shallow pebbly bottom, as well as on the glancing surface, and one sheet of illuminated color shone through the other, and I knew not which was which.

All I felt was the spell bidding me look and listen and drink in the sunshine. I stretched myself on the stones like a thankful mollusc, and as one spreads one's hands to the fire in winter, or a suppliant outstretches them to claim a boon, so my thin cold fingers spread themselves out to catch the showered warmth of the sun's radiance; and mixing with the soothing warmth was the still music of the alternate splash and rustle of the rippling tide, a faint splash as the tiny wavelets broke, then a trickling sound like that of the stream's current when the boat forges ahead as the oars are at rest, and then a rustle like that of wind or showers on the forest leaves, as the retiring water bade the sand and shingles kiss, as it ran away from them like a child at play, crouching in mock concealment, ere

it springs upon its playfellow with another sweet caress. I felt very near the world of strange sea-beasts; the sun touched some archaic fibres in my frame, and I seemed to understand how wise molluscs that lay still and looked at it grew lovely with green and orange, lilac, rose, and crimson. A moment more and I might have drunk in more wisdom than the sea spirits hold good to grant to mortal men, but the magic spells were a lullaby and I lost myself awhile, the bright sea vanished, and I only heard, as if far off in dreams, now and again the trickling wavelets and felt the gracious warmth pouring into my outstretched hands.

After a time some obtrusive vertebræ reminded me we had degenerated from the possibilities of molluscous ease. The tide had ebbed and turned, and it was still just possible to leave my rocks dry-shod and regain the beach, but I was less simply happy than yesterday. Life was becoming strenuous. If every day was to be crowded like this with new emotions — my doctor had forbidden excitement — I wasn't at all sure that I was well enough to stand the strain. They talk about sending one to the sea to rest, but it is much easier to dissect a jellyfish than to retrace the course of evolution in one's own person and grow back into one again; and yet experience seemed to show that sane humanity could not bask in the seaside sunshine without feeling irresistibly tempted to cherish that impossible ambition. It would be a help towards understanding the philosophy of dreams if we more often watched the wandering course of sleepy thoughts that we suffer to choose their own way at the random guidance of association; I felt vaguely as if there was a mystery to solve, as if there must be a reason, could I but remember or find out, why on this solitary coast all at once "*es ward mir heimisch zu Muth*," and even as I wondered what the problem was, my thoughts strayed sleepily into wild and incoherent strains, in which it seemed as if I was the passive inanimate portion of the natural world, while the sea and sky moved and spoke and ruled around me. But I was tired now even of this idle kind of thought, and concluded reasonably to go home and to sleep over a stupid book.

I was not sorry the next day to be spared a fresh encounter with the strange spirits of the island. My host took me out in his boat; we talked to the sailors, of a son at sea, of the lobster fishery and

the vrac harvest, and things seemed real and natural; I felt just a little afraid of fresh bewildering encounters, and I half planned for the next day to stroll upon a higher level and not to go and watch the sea break. So thought, so done. The shady lane, with its pretty hedgerows, in which the pink leaf-shoots of the young honeysuckle mixed with the flowering may, led past a group of dwarf massive cottages with farm fittings of a Cyclopean order — the gate-post hung for a hinge in a perforated slab and the pigsties had granite troughs — to a footpath opening on the downs. A pleasant light caught the cottage roof where a patch of golden moss grew upon the thatch of the gable, and where a fluted row of tiles formed an eave beyond the thatch to carry off the autumn rains. A wide-mouthed, clean-faced girl was nursing a baby in the doorway, and smiled benignantly as I passed. Walking was easier than three days before, and I had resolved not to think of anxious subjects till I was strong enough to decide on them with better effect.

A fresh wind blew from the sea; the path led at a varying level along the down broken every here and there with projecting crags, boulders fallen from a crag above and sudden walls of rock, where the sea has carved a narrow inlet. It was a pleasant path, but I had seen such views before in Devon, Yorkshire, or may be elsewhere; nothing was strange save the aromatic whiffs of some thymy scent that seemed to come from

The underflowers which did enrich the ground  
With sweeter scents than in Arabia found.

But somehow the path tempted me to a distance beyond my strength. I was tired of wide views that seemed just like what one had seen and known all one's life: they seemed to remind me tiresomely of what I was trying to forget, that life itself was like to be hard and tiresome when I got back to it anon. I wanted to escape from this remembrance, and in another moment I should have been caught regretting the weird spirits of the shore. A stronger gust of wind, that it was a labor to battle with, put the crowning touch to my discontent. Just in front the down sank a little, a steep, green, semicircular arena faced the sea, and I struggled on to reach its shelter. Only a step or two beyond the ridge and the air was warm and still, like a June evening. I threw myself on the slope and felt the rapture of repose.

I was under the lea of a flaming gorse bush, and the sweet, shadowy fragrance stole upon the senses unawares; something ineffably sweet and subtle seemed to pervade the moveless air, the subtle sweetness was strange and new — were there spirits of the earth here as well as of the sea?

I forgot the weariness, and half raised myself to see whence this new wonder came. The clump that sheltered me was ablaze with the deepest orange-yellow bloom; each flowering spiky head was an abyss of warm, deep, odorous color; furze like this, indeed, I had never seen before, every blossom large and open wide, and countless full open blossoms, jostling each other upon every stem, and the flowering stems jostling each other on the burning bush. I drew a big branch towards me, and drank like nectar a great draught of the pure, sweet scent. But the sweet gorse is a treasure, not a mystery, and the first breath I drew on this spot was laden with a mystery of sweetness. I lay back upon the grass again with closed eyes, inviting the ethereal messenger, and my heart sank as for half a moment I waited in vain for the perplexing fragrance. I moved impatiently, and threw my arm back to make a pillow; at the very moment something like fairy fingers seemed to pull my hair, and in a breath the scent was there again, and the simple magic of its being read. Mingled with the gorse, half choked by the robust clumps, but thrusting its tender green leaves triumphantly through the cushions of the younger plants, a very thicket of sweetbriar was growing all round, and the shoots I had crushed unknowingly were sending out their sweetest-fragrance to mix with the simple nectar of the whin-bloom in a cunning draught of unearthly delicacy. Those may laugh at me who will, and count it strange to be thus moved by the breath of a passing scent, but my heart grew warm with love for those children of the warm, lone earth; they had shed their fragrance year by year, and until now none had loved them for it. They were generous to me, indeed, with the one-sided generosity of power; it was I, not they, that was the richer for my loving them, for thinking with a tender joy that Love himself had learnt his sweetness from the flower's kisses, wherewith the great mother fed his youth, and the refrain to the pretty fancy came to me like an omen: —

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit  
cras amet.

The sunlit waves came to me with a startling and happy message that the outer world was fair, whether I saw it or no; but the sweetbriar among the prickles challenged me to own a spiritual truth—the world was lovable, whether I saw why or no, and whether its sweetness was beloved—as by me to-day—or left unseen, undreamt of, through the lonely years. My brain was tired and the thoughts wandered wildly; snatches of old hymns mixed with the "*Pervigilium Veneris*," and my last thought was a dreamy wonder, whether the love of God was something like my love of earth just now? A wave of love sweeps over us just when we feel the one thing needed given, and the love that seeks its object will own none but the imagined giver, and to the imagined object of our love we give a name—our God, kind earth, or mother nature—and such naming is in itself a prayer, a blessing, and a thanksgiving for the good God's gift. Thoughts like these rose questioningly, and pleased with asking, ere the question pressed for answer I was asleep *con dio*.

Noon was past and the south sun had travelled two hand-breadths towards the right before I woke, rested, hopeful, and refreshed. The sound that woke me was the tinkle of a sheep-bell, following an old crone, who was tethering the family cow to graze on the common just above. I called to her, and though our friendly speech was mutually unintelligible, like two children of nature we arranged friendly terms of barter, and she brought me a cup of creamy milk and a stale crust of home-baked bread. I rose invigorated, and before leaving my warm lair bent for one more draught of the mixed, sweetscent. Alas! the island *is* enchanted! the gorse was sweet and so was the briar, with their several known and pleasant sweetness, but the unearthly fragrance of those two moments came back to me no more. It may be that, as slight sounds are distressing to a feeble brain that would pass unnoticed else, so a more than normal keenness of the other senses goes with moments of excited feebleness. Basking in the sunshine I had felt a dim intuition of ancient kinship with the many-colored zoophytes of the shallow seas. Here on the thymy heights what more natural than to remember some hints of fellowship with the insect hosts,

whose very hum seems to catch some intermediate sense more felt than heard? Still I was undismayed; whether the momentary sensation was to be renewed hereafter, or to remain forever alone in memory, I could doubt my life or love more easily than the certain fact that, once and again, I had been drunk with ineffable odors in this sunny island combe.

I was strong now for a new departure, but the wind was still high upon the downs, and my thoughts reverted to a wide path leading to the shore, the upper end of which lay not far back. I had wondered as I passed to what the path could lead, for there was neither beach nor anchorage below. The path was plain and easy, and landed me upon a slightly sloping surface of solid rock; massive iron rings were fixed in it here and there, and rusty iron bars between them were twisted like wire into uncouth shapes by the fury of the waves. At one side the edge of the rocky slab sank sheer into the water, and there was a deep, narrow passage where a boat might run alongside to land its cargo; clearly it was here that the sailors used to land their boat-loads of seaweed, to be carried up the path to spread upon the fields of the nearest farmstead as manure. The landing-place was one that could only be used in the fairest weather, and the station was deserted now; the coast was rough and broken, rocky pinnacles, tiny islets, and sharp, sunken rocks in masses, large and small, strewed the coast, and the fresh wind was dashing great waves against them all with deafening roar.

And when the sea was breaking I could do no other than draw near to watch it break. The old spell drew me on to the furthest accessible point of rocky projection; by clambering beyond the broad, level slab, along a kind of promontory, covered at high water by the sea, but now dry save for a few pools in the spray-worn hollows, and bare of all maritime life because of the violence of the waves, one reached a secure, low pinnacle, round which the waves were breaking in all their glory. The noise was deafening, the sea a clear sea-green, the sky and sunlight bright and clear. Chance fixed my eye at once upon a certain rock over which each wave broke, burying the summit beneath a flood of foam; then as the wave retreated and the rock rose from its immersion, still waterfalls fell as if from some secret reservoir, from ledge to ledge of the rock, into the still seething, surg-

ing surf below, and ere one could discover whence these little cataracts proceeded, another wave submerged the whole bed of rocks, and again retired, leaving unaccountable waterworks to play for a moment and vanish again. It was a giddy sight, like watching the revolutions of a water-wheel, and that, too, in doubt as to what the designers of the machinery had meant to compass by its motions. A great wave broke, and a shower of spray rose up against the sky, where the fickle wind caught it and sent a cool handful lightly in my face. I was dazzled for a moment, and as I recovered sight my eyes were bent a yard or two further out to sea, upon the right.

Here, when the wave had burst, the sea was level with thick, white, smooth foam, but as the waters rushed back, sucked down as if by a great passion of remorse; then, instead of black rocks showing sharp teeth above the surf, the waves, as they sank back, disclosed a deepening, widening, whirling abyss, with walls of whirling foam, a funnel-shaped vortex, boring down as it revolves into deeper and deeper recesses of the sea, with foaming sides, seeming to recede from the intent gaze. The snowy whiteness of the whirling billows, the seeming softness of the sea all foam, have a strange fascination for the giddy senses; there are clouds on which one would choose to rest if they were in reach, and no cloud could promise a softer, cooler, sweeter resting-place than the very heart of this foaming whirlpool. Wave upon wave spent itself, and I could not cease from watching the returning, ever-varying face of the whirling hollow, down which creamy cataracts poured over the shifting watery walls. The sun shone upon the foam, it glittered like snow, and one might have said there was no purer whiteness in the world than this, when all at once there floated across the foam another brightness, of white, glancing, sunlit wings. I remembered as a child having wondered how in heaven we should know one angel from another if they all wore the same white robes, and had wings of just one shape; it would have strengthened my young faith much if they had shown and told me that one white radiance might differ from another as far as blue and crimson. And still to this day one hears the shallow saying—a thing is either right or wrong—it must be black or white; whereas the glory of one rightness may differ from the radiance of another

as the silvery glitter of the gull's white wings differs from the dazzling whiteness of the sunlit foam. The sea-gulls were swooping through the air and skimming for a moment the surface of the waves, but one seemed to have made her nest upon the very rim of the boiling cauldron of Charybdis, and it was only on a closer look that I saw at moments just a speck of black rock showing momentarily through the surf. The sea-bird was perched upon the rock, and the waves washed round it, and the silver wings shone like moonbeams, like the moon resting on a cushion of snowy moonlit clouds. And again and again, as I looked from the swirling waters to the still flight of the circling gulls, the two spirits of brightness would meet for a joyous moment as the sea-bird nestled among the foam.

The cheerful voice of our host roused me at length from reveries in which it seemed possible that a world should be with only differences between one and another right, between the new creations of wisely loving souls and the different glories of consistent truths. I followed him, silently thinking too that it made a change in the memory of sad and gloomy hours to think that through them all the gulls had hovered in still circles over the unchanging sea. But that evening, as I read a Frenchman's letters, I took to heart what he says to a friend of such walks as these of mine with the island spirits: "*La mémoire de ces promenades est à la fois un plaisir et une douleur. C'est pour moi une sensation qu'il faut renouveler sans cesse pour qu'elle ne devienne pas triste.*" This is partly true of all pleasures, and wholly true of the pleasures of love. I was in love with these sweet spirits, and love grows sad without daily renewal of the one joy of meeting the beloved. I had felt this already, and knowing life could not be spent in the incessant renewal of solitary delights, henceforward I sought the company of my fellows, and went cliffing, shooting, boating, swimming, with my host and the island fishers.

It was not till the last evening of my stay that I ventured upon a solitary farewell stroll. The impression had been gaining strength in my mind that my first thoughts of despair had been premature and exaggerated. If the Arctic expedition had started without me, that might be a loss, but the other misfortune was the less irreparable in consequence; I might see the —s in less than two

years; nay, I was beginning to think that it would be possible, without indiscretion, to let Mrs. — know that it was not by choice I had failed in attentive, nay, assiduous, respect. I did not know their address, but they were going to be at Venice in June, and the English banker there was an old school friend of mine, to whom I could easily entrust a circumstantial message, with a hint that he should deliver it in the hearing of both ladies at once. I was thinking of these things, and not looking where I went, when suddenly I was brought up against one of the rough stone walls, crowned with a stubby hedge, which served to divide the farms of different proprietors on the island. I had been landed before in a similar *impasse*. A path led into the field for its owner's use, but none led through, as the farmers did not trespass on each other's land. I had no such scruple, and scaled the wall, walking along the top of it to find a gap in the hedge, where I could drop down on the other side. At the convenient spot I sat down for a moment to rest in sight of a still blue patch of sea; the curving down framed it as in a hollow, and on the left, where the land rose above the horizon, in clear relief against the pale blue sky, stood out one solitary fir-tree; one saw the sky between the branches, and the upper outline against the sky was clear and dark. It was resting to look upon. My enjoyment of the island beauties had grown dangerously strenuous, because I could not break the trick of trying to find a meaning everywhere. This tree against the sky proved nothing, and all the more for that, its mere contemplation was fraught with inexplicable pleasure.

I went on my way breathing a blessing on the good householder who had tended the fir-tree in its youth; and, though I don't know that my prayers had anything to do with the result, I was as much pleased as if they had, when I heard that the good wife's son came back the next week from a three years' voyage, with all his pay in hand, enough to buy the ten shares in the market-boat which old neighbor Nicolas had left to provide a portion for his only daughter. But I did not know this then, so my prayers were only for unspecified good luck.

After re-entering the castle lands, I wandered through the first pine wood, bending inland by degrees, and just as I neared the public way, I turned back, leaning on a grassy bank. This time I

was silenced: no thought of God or man, angel or faery magic, crossed my mind. The view was of pure, sober, lovely earth, and the eyes were glad to rest unthinkingly on its stillness. From the grass bank on which I leaned the land sloped gradually to the seaward. There was not much difference in the level, but enough to show far round on either side a narrow strip of dark blue glittering sea: in front, and as far round as the eye readily saw at once, between me and the sea, there showed a low thin belt of firs; and as I had seen the sky through the branches of the one fir-tree by the farm, so now the blue sea showed through the wood between the tree stems, and the dark green foliage against the blue stood out in sharp relief, and the sky above the deep blue sea was blue, dim with a rising haze. There was nothing to be thought or said, and yet weariness was impossible; the vision was of embodied rest; the still universe seemed a temple of the Most High, and I fed my soul by looking.

It was the memory of this long look that came back to me first, forty-eight hours afterwards, when I leaned out of a third-floor bedroom in Bloomsbury to seize a glimpse of the sunset sky. On rare evenings, when the clouds have melted, there was a little patch of pearly grey between the houses, shading into beryl-like transparency, and the topmost twigs of an old elm-tree make a feathery fringe of green against the sky; here too is stillness, beauty, and unreasoning peace; and down below a neighbor has trained a jessamine against his bit of garden wall. I saw the feathery green of the new year's young rich shoots, and the white flowers that shine like stars upon a moonless night, against their dark cool bed. The light grew paler and paler, a shortlived flush of pink came and went, and then the pale grey deepened into night, still, calm, and sweet, and the starry jessamine still glimmered through the shade. Night fell, and then I wrote to Venice.

That was five years ago. The dutiful little note of answer that Marian wrote to me in her mother's name had one word more of kind regard in it than strict civility required, and on the faith of that word I worked and hoped and waited, and as the years went on I never ceased to remember in dark hours that to every change of joy and sorrow in the mixed web of human life there is a far-away accompaniment of unchanging beauty, peace, and



calm delight, for the gulls swoop as ever through the sunlit air and alight upon the breaking waves, and the starry jessamine shines at sunset through the London smoke.

Marian asks why I never told her all this before. Are you jealous, sweetheart, of my amours with the spirits of the waves and flowers? And besides, what was there to tell? It is a long story, and yet it comes to very little. I was ill and went to the seaside, and the waves broke, sweet wild flowers grew, and the changing

sky was overhead. I saw visions and dreamed dreams, but rash mortals fare ill who would woo the very gods; the island imps teased me, they hid when my heart was aching; but I think, darling, they meant it kindly, for after every trick they played me, came back the memory of a sweet fair face, with grave brown eyes that could not tease or trifle; and if I was ever faithless, this was my sin, and you must forgive it to the fairies of the shore; but for their mischievous bright magic I had despaired at once of life and love, and — Marian — you.

**DECLINE OF THE ITALIAN RACE.** — One of the reasons for the deformed, rickety, dirty, wretched, thievish inhabitants of Italy is the total absence of proper sanitary arrangements in Italian towns and villages, from the palace to the hovel and room-tenement. Italy — the land of sunshine, art, and song — is a land of filth and vermin. There are marble palaces, art galleries, and blue skies, but neither sewers, drains, nor adequate scavenging. Hence, strangers who are tempted to visit the world-renowned cities pay a fearful penalty in risks from fever and certainty of mosquito stings, as also of punishment from other domestic torments. There is not one Italian city properly sewered, drained, and scavenged. The best hotels use cesspools, out of which pass foul gases and putrid fluids, to contaminate both air and water. Proper scavenging implies daily cleansing, not only of public streets and places, but of all back streets, lanes, alleys, yards, and tenement houses, with a removal of *excreta* and refuse at short intervals, never exceeding one week. As to proper sanitary works, a full supply of pure water is necessary, not merely for display in public fountains, but laid on by appropriate services to every occupied dwelling, however humble. The regulations of a Common Lodging House Act should be enforced in every slum and wretched room-tenement, and all the places unfit for human habitation should be sternly closed, and proper accommodation provided. When the improvements herein suggested have been adopted and are continuously carried out, there may be hope for the regeneration of Italy. Ironclads with a hundred-ton guns, Royal Cuirassiers, Royal Carabinieri, customs officers, excisemen, police, municipal guards, and Jesuits will avail Italy nothing in removing the fearful causes of disease and human distortion. When will statesmen learn that the greatness and strength of a nation are not alone in magnificent cities, palaces, ironclads, and standing armies, but in

the health, comfort, and content of the people? The further lesson also requires to be learned, namely, that where the mass of the people are allowed to grovel in filth and misery, there can be no true security for property. A whiff of grape-shot will not cure such disease.

Builder.

**LONDON FOGS IN 1660.** — The newspapers and journals are full of the great question of purifying London by the abolition of smoke. The question arises how far this is a modern evil, and the antiquary has something to say on this. As long as London has been London it has been subject to fogs owing to its nearness to the river, and the old city was by no means smokeless. One day Charles II. and John Evelyn were conversing together in the private garden at Whitehall, when a cloud of smoke was observed by both of them issuing from tall chimneys near Northumberland House. The king, who had lately returned from the pure air of the Continent, commanded Evelyn to consult with the law officers of the crown, and to draft a bill for the abolition of the nuisance. The result was the famous "Fumifugium; or the inconvenience of the aer and smoak of London dissipated, together with some remedies proposed by J. E., Esq., to His Sacred Majesty and to the Parliament now assembled, in 1660," but no action was ever taken by the indolent king. In a previous work, "Character of England," 1659, Evelyn had specially referred to the "pestilent smoke . . . leaving a soot on all things that it lights," and wrote, "I have been in a spacious church where I could not discern the minister for the smoke, or hear him for the people's barking." The denseness of the air must have been great when the author could write, "If there be a resemblance of hell upon earth it is in this volcano on a foggy day."